No T. 34.1

THE
ALLEN·A·BROWN
DRAMATIC
COLLECTION

THE·PUBLIC·LIBRARY
OF·THE·CITY·OF
BOSTON

EDMUND·H GARRETT 1910·OPUS 65

1737

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

CORIOLANUS

EDITED BY

F. A. LEO

PH.D., MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGES AT BERLIN

WITH A QUARTO-FACSIMILE OF THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS FROM THE FOLIO OF 1623

PHOTOLITHOGRAPHED BY A. BURCHARD

AND WITH EXTRACTS FROM NORTH'S PLUTARCH

THE PROCEEDS OF THE SALE WILL BE APPROPRIATED BY THE EDITOR TOWARDS THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT

LONDON

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH

1864.

ALLEN A BROWN
DEC. 17, 1909

PREFACE.

THREE centuries of unremitting and conscientious labour in the field of Shakespearian Criticism have not yet been able to fill up that chasm between the learned and the popular, which opened among the ranks of those who hurried from all the Zones of the civilized world to present their offering of admiration to that immortal Genius.

Even down to the present day, Shakespeare's works have always appeared in two different kinds of editions, namely, those which professed to be popular, which endeavoured therefore to satisfy the requirements of the cultivated many, and hoped to attain this end by dispensing with numerous explanatory notes, and following whatever text enjoyed for the moment the greatest reputation; and those editions on the other hand, which, bearing on the face of them the stamp of the coldest erudition, clipped the wings of genius, and then commenced microscopical researches on the individual feathers.

If we first consider the latter class of editions, we must be careful not to confound them with the works of those men, with whom their editors would like to be compared: with those first pioneers who possessed the courage and the enthusiasm to clear away for us Epigoni that forest of ambiguities and errors which has grown up around the bright flower of Shakespearian poesy. To these men indeed all honour and reverence is due, for they are the men above all others, to whom the nineteenth century is indebted for

its enjoyment of Shakespeare, and who can therefore justly claim to be immortalized on the same monument with the poet himself.

But that which in the works of these earlier editors was a matter of necessity, became a mere learned passion with their "classically educated" disciples, who forgot that Shakespeare's creations were not intended for the learned alone, but rather for the whole great wide world. They forgot that by excluding the unlearned multitude from the direct enjoyment of their investigations, they were also estranging themselves from the spirit of the poet. For if the characteristic feature of the present age be described, whether for praise or for blame, as a striving after popularity, it is, when rightly understood, the greatest acknowledgement which could be paid to the spirit of the times. If every creation of man, which does not at last awake among the people something living, and productive of new life; which does not finally become popular, is dead from the very first,—Shakespeare may also in this sense, as in every other, be represented as the emblem, as the culminating point of the highest and freest development. He created for the people, and only for the people, and if this conviction is the most important guide for the Shakespearian inquirer, to enable him to find the true road for his critical labours, it is also the condemnation of all who have imagined that an ant-like diligence in amassing learned lumber was the proper way to erect a monument worthy of receiving the image of the poet.*)

It is true, a great variety of knowledge is requisite to enable a man to attain the elevation necessary for Shakespearian criticism;

---

*) Hamlet's words in act iii, sc. 2, when speaking to the actors respecting their profession, may be regarded as a clue to Shakespeare's conception of the province of the poet in the portrayal of character and situation:

"*Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.*"

but a work of art, like every other product of the intellect, is only perfect, when its merits are not weakened or obscured by the sight of the effort which its creation occasioned its author, a sight which is often the result of a vainglorious intention.

But the men of dry learning,—however indisputable the goodness of their intentions,—lacked that amount of creative power, those poetic gifts, which are indispensable for the critical treatment of every poet. It is not sufficient to weigh syllables and words, longs and shorts, to hunt out the occurrence of this or that turn of expression in older writers,—all this, necessary as it may be, can only take the second place in the scale of importance. But the first duty of the critic is, to penetrate into the innermost life and activity of the poet's mind, and, led by his hand, to experience and create anew that which he created and experienced, and thus from the critic's own creative power to realise what the poet felt and thought,—what, in short, he intended.

He who attempts the critical treatment of a poet without feeling something of the poet in his own nature, may be able to accomplish much that is valuable, and accumulate copious materials in the way of facts, which others may employ for the building they would raise, but he will never succeed in presenting a mirror in which the true image of the poet shall meet our view.

And this is the service for which the due meed of acknowledgement must be paid those industrious labourers. They have collected a vast mass of materials, which, though requiring a winnowing process hardly less troublesome than that of its first discovery, renders the most welcome, indeed the most important assistance to the critic by natural vocation, to the critic who has himself become a poet.

If we now direct a hasty glance to those editions, which we have above denominated 'the popular', it is impossible to deny, that in one point at least their authors have endeavoured to accomplish the task, which every Shakespearian critic must propose to himself: they gave the public the result of their labours, with-

out encumbering it with any traces of the labours themselves. They offered readable editions, without any exaggerated mass of notes to diminish the enjoyment of the lay-reader, and which only in rare instances facilitate his comprehension. If we had been able to add, that acute criticism and an unquestionable understanding of the works had been employed in these editions in the winnowing of the text and the notes, we should, in our opinion, have been obliged to consider all further labour in the field of Shakespeare as unnecessary. For the ideal of an edition of Shakespeare for us at the present day, is one, which, while it makes the least open display of effort, and is unencumbered with foot-notes on every page, betrays to the initiated Shakespeare student the traces of the most unwearying labour, and a thorough knowledge of all the materials, which bear upon the subject.

This praise is more than we could award to the popular editions; but in the majority of instances the ambition of the editors has not gone beyond that of supplying the market with readable, and therefore saleable editions of the poet.

The production of such an ideal edition of Shakespeare is a task presenting immense difficulties, but after the lapse of three centuries the time to attempt it at least has arrived, and its successful execution would be the noblest celebration of the tercentenary festival, the most glorious monument that could be raised to Shakespeare's memory.—We believe it could only be successfully accomplished in the following manner:

Every passage that has succeeded in establishing its title to respect, either by the agreement of the old editions or of later emendators, should be adopted in the text, without the slightest mention of all the arguments for and against, which have hitherto been bandied about respecting it. The mention of them is not of the least advantage to the public, and does not at all advance the purification of the text. There are emendations, which have stood the ordeal of time, and the errors they are intended to remove, the errors of copyists, printers, and early editors,—errors, which the rust of

centuries has consecrated in the eyes of fanatics, might at length be consigned to a lasting repose.—A similar mode of proceeding should be adopted with respect to everything respecting questions of interpunctuation and orthography in cases of subordinate interest, such as do not affect the sense and clearness of the matter.

Notes, which only say just what is most necessary in the most precise form, without any useless introduction of learned matter, should be placed at the end of each piece, and only considered admissible at all under the three following categories:

1. On corrupt passages, containing difficulties of which the Editor himself is not able to give any final solution.
2. On proposed new readings, the adoption of which in the text ought to be left to future editors.
3. Explanations of the meaning of difficult passages.

Those who make the study of Shakespeare a profession, or the occupation of a learned leisure, find such rich materials for their researches, in the editions with copious notes, works of reference, reprints, and monographs, as also in articles in Reviews and Magazines, that it can no longer be the task of every new editor to repeat even the essence of all that has so often appeared in print. When, for instance, the subject is Juliet's celebrated 'runaway', where is the necessity for fishing up all that has been said about it, whether valuable or the reverse? The judicious editor will either retain the original reading, and refer the reader in a short note to the works containing more ample matter, or else he will adopt in his text, on his own responsibility, one of the many good emendations, that have been proposed, and thus take his chance with the critics. Whether he be right or wrong, the professed student will recognize the traces of his knowledge and his labour in every line of his edition, and the popular reader will feel truly grateful for the uninterrupted enjoyment of the poet's creations.

At the present day the above conception of an editor's duties is no longer an isolated one; for while I have been engaged in

preparing the present edition of Coriolanus, the first volumes of two editions of Shakespeare have appeared, in which precisely similar principles have been adopted: the Cambridge Shakespeare, and the second edition of the Rev. A. Dyce. If I add to these the labours of the American, Grant White*), I believe that these three works, supported by the mysterious emendator of the second folio, (who, though much abused, and often justly blamed, has nevertheless taken an important step in advance,) contain all the most valuable matter that Shakespearian criticism can boast of, at least in addition to the labours of the first pioneers in the same field.

Perhaps in the present edition I have gone one step further than the above-mentioned writers, and have silently adopted in the text many things, which appeared to them to require a note, and in many still doubtful readings have not expressed a doubt, which I no longer entertained myself. I can however assert, that in all such cases I have been guided alone by the results of a conscientious investigation. It is hardly necessary moreover to observe, that I have only alluded to myself in conjunction with those eminent names, because I thought I could perceive a certain agreement in our objects, and therefore hoped to find some support in the connection with such Coryphæi. Neither is it an "edition of Shakespeare", which I have now attempted, but only the modest essay of a beginner, whose *début* must be all the more timid in proportion, as his boldness—as a German—is great in venturing to appear at all on a field, which so many distinguished Englishmen have chosen as an arena worthy of their labours.

The appendices to the following volume, namely, the photolithographical impression of the Tragedy from the copy of the first folio in the Royal Library of Berlin, and the extracts from North's Plutarch, appeared to me valuable for the comparison of the text.

---

*) I have had no opportunity of looking at his edition, and know only his "Shakespeare's Scholar".

A star in the text, as thus—*)—signifies, that there is a note on the passage at the end of the piece. The numbers in the margin (omitted in the reprint of the first folio, in order not to injure the representation as a fac-simile) are intended to facilitate the finding of single passages, and are to be understood as follows: 38^3 signifies 38, third reply; in the present case therefore:

"*Lart.* Now the fair goddess &c."

The numbers to the extracts from Plutarch correspond with the passages in the text to which they refer.

In conclusion, I beg to offer my best thanks to Mr. Pertz, Privy Counsellor and Head Librarian of the Royal Library of Berlin, for his kindness in allowing me to use the first folio for the photo-lithographic fac-simile. I also wish to express my obligations to Mr. A. Burchard, chief of the photo-lithographical Institution of Berlin, for the great pains, which he took in the production of the very successful fac-simile of the first folio, and also of the title to the Plutarch.

Berlin. April 23, 1864.

F. A. LEO.

CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, COMINIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

ACT I. SCENE I. 1

Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

First Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done; away, away.

Second Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. 2
What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery,*) is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Second Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

Second Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Second Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

3 *First Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly*) proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Second Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Second Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would, all the rest were so.

4 *Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us? True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't*) a little more.

First Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.
First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
8 *First Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.
First Cit. Y' are long about it.
9 *Men.* Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,"—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe? why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,*)
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
12 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

13 *Mar.* Hang 'em! They say?
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there 's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

14 *Mar.* They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.*)

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators;* Junius Brutus, *and* Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

17 *First Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius:
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with th' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. Hence! To your homes! be gone. [*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow,
The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators,* Cominius, Marcius, Titus, *and* Menenius. *Citizens steal away.*

18 *Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.*)
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, 19
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits*) rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion
More than his singularity,*) he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *and Senators.* 20

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
21 "They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman.
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you.
Consider of it."
First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
22 *Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
Second Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepar'd for us.
23 *Auf.* O, doubt not that:
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Second Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. A room in MARCIUS' house.

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA. *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

Vol. Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

26 *Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes:
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword contemning.*)—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

27 *Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.*)—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

28 *Val.* O' my word, the father's son; I 'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it

go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably: come; you 29
must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus 30
it is:—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they

nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy? [*To the Messenger.*

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off! [*Alarum afar off.* 33
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans 34
are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome you! Herds of boiles and plagues*)
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on:
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

35 *Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds.
'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[MARCIUS *enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [MARCIUS *is shut in.*
Third Sol. See, they have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
All. To the pot, I warrant him.

36 *Enter* TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

First Sol. Look, sir!
Lart. O, 'tis Martius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.

37

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; 38
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and coveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who 's yonder,

That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. [*within*] Come I too late? 41
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O, let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees: 42
Condemning some to death, and some to exile:
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other:
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague!—tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.
43 *Mar.* How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.
44 *Com.* Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself:
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords: take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

45 O, me alone!*) Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select*): the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march:
And four shall quickly draw out my command,*)
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. 46

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. 47

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More, than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'T is not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of* Aufidius.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

48 ## SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, Cominius, *and Romans; at the other side,* Marcius, *with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians*) hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

49 *Enter* Titus Lartius, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
As you have done,—that 's what I can; induc'd
As you have been,—that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* MARCIUS! MARCIUS! *cast up their caps and lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall

I' the field prove flatterers: let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing;
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him*) be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which, without note, here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

52 *Com.* Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

53 *All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash:
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest*) your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take 't: 't is yours.—Wat is 't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries: 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, *bloody, with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The tow'n is ta'en!
First Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back an good condition.
Auf. Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

57 *First Sol.* He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements*) all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city:
Learn, how 't is held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you
('T is south the city mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Brut. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir?

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Brut. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes*) of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

61 *Brut.* What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint;*) hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my
62 breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

63 *Brut.* Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading,*) the more entangled by your hearing: all the

peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter 64
giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus *and* Sicinius *retire to the back of the scene.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria, &c. 65

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you: I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' 66
health: in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most

sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic,*) and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no!

Vol. O, he is wounded—I thank the gods for 't!

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

67 *Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow!

68 *Men.* True? I 'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with captains, soldiers, and a Herald.* 69

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; 70
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But O! thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;
And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all!
71 *Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle but a nettle; and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. Your hand,—and yours:
[*To his wife and mother.*
72 Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.*)
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes*)
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
73 *The Tribunes remain.*

Brut. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden 74
I warrant him consul.
Brut. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
Brut. In that there 's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he 'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.
Brut. I heard him swear, 75
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'T is right.
Brut. It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Brut. 'T is most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
76 *Brut.* So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to 's power,*) he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch*) the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

77 *Enter a Messenger.*

Brut. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought,
That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made

A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Brut. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. 78

The same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say; but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, wo ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, 79
he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their

hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

80 *A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them,* Cominius, Menenius, Coriolanus, *Senators,* Sicinius *and* Brutus. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

81 *First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing our for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Brut. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember

A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That 's off, that 's off; 82
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Brut. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon: 83
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Brut. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people, 84
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That 's thousand to one good one), when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
85 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
86 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
87 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his;
When, by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd

Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man! 88
First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.*)
Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.
First Sen. Call for Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS. 89

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Brut. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—
Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn, what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Brut. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shows us his wounds, and tells us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a

monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our 92
heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may, you 93
may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS *(approaching).*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

[MENENIUS *advancing with* CORIOLANUS. 94

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

First Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

First Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet, to trouble the poor with begging.

First Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!—Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms: adieu.

First Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens. 97

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Third Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Third Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fourth Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore 98
give you our voices heartily.

Third Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this foolish*) toge should I stand here, 99
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Sixth Cit. Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd.
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I 'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I 'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 102
'T is warm at 's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Brut. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

First Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says, 103
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul", says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't, 104

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Brut. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble; 107
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Brut. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him 108
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Brut. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,—
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,

Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
[And Censorinus, nam'd so by the people,*)]
And nobly named so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Brut. Say, you ne'er had done 't
(Harp on that still), but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Brut. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I. 111

Rome. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius? 112
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. 113

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them,

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Brut. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
114 *First Sen.* Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.
Brut. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
115 *Brut.* Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Brut. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Brut. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.*)

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let 's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd; set on! This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measels,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Brut. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'T were well,
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"
Com. 'T was from the canon.
119 *Cor.* "Shall!"
O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here*) to choose an officer,
That with his peremtory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say, he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake*)
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,*)
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall",
His popular "shall", against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,

It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Brut. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't; being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares,*) fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

122 *Men.* Come, enough.
Brut. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump*) a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour*)
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control 't.
123 *Brut.* Has said enough.
Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let, what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.
Brut. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Brut. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Ædile, with a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.

Brut. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him!

Sec. Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion 's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people, peace!

Cit. Let 's hear our tribune:—peace! Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.*)
127 *Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Brut. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him.
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Brut. Ædiles, seize him!
128 *Cit.* Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Brut. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
129 *Cor.* No; I 'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*

There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword!— Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Cit. Down with him! down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house: be gone, away! 130
All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol!
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground 131
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone.
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*
132 *First Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.— [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

133 *Re-enter* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
First Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Brut. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no!
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O! he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.
Brut. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Brut. We 'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
137 *Men.* One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Brut. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—come!—
Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
138 *First Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Brut. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We 'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you.—
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, *and Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

[Volumnia *approaching.*]

First Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war.

Enter Volumnia *(advancing).*

I talk of you.
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

141 *Enter* MENENIUS, *and Senators.*

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

First Sen. There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt*) as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

142 *Men.* Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods,
Must I then do 't to them?

143 *Vol.* You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not (which for your best ends
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them),

Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: say to them,*)
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

146 *Men.* This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower.—Here is Cominius.

147 *Enter* Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 't will serve; if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place!

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said, 148
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice, then: 149
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;*) for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul,

Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Brut. In this point charge him home; that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.
Brut. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 't is ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Brut. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Brut. Go about it.— 153
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd [*Exit Ædile.*
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth *)
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. 154

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

First Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

155 *Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tribunes. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

156 *Men.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon*) the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well; no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

157 *Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock! to the rock with him! 158
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.
Brut. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Brut. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,— 159
Cor. I 'll know no further.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, good morrow.
Sic. For that he has 160
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,–

Sic. He 's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: speak what?

Brut. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels),
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone! 163

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come; let 's see him out at gates: come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

164 ## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Rome. Before a gate of the City.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. 'Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits:
That common chances common men could bear:
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning.*) You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! o heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

165 *Cor.* What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife, my mother!
I 'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to*) a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen), your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son, 166
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance,
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well: 167
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home: he 's gone, and we 'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sic. They say, she 's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O! ye 're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To* BRUTUS.

Vir. You shall stay too. [*To* SICINIUS.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?*)

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words; 170
And for Rome's good.—I 'll tell thee what—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too,—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He 'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come: peace!
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Brut. I would he had. 171
Vol. I would he had. 'T was you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Brut. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Brut. Well, well; we 'll leave you. 172
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

173

SCENE III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved*) by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

174 *Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars,
Have I heard groan, and drop: then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?
Cit. This, here before you.
177 *Cor.* Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 't were in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

178 ## SCENE V.

The same. A hall in AUFIDIUS's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? here 's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, 179
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, thou 'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him. 180

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

Third Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master 181
what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*

Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where 's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence!
[*Beats him away.*

182 *Enter* AUFIDIUS *and the second Servant.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir. I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done 183
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast 184
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'t is true"; I 'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods! 187

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, "yea", to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

First Serv. [*advancing*] Here 's a strange alteration! 188

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking, as it were,—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think, he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

189 *Re-enter third Servant.*

Third Serv. O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

First, Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First, Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here 's he, that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too
190 hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all
191 down before him, and leave his passage polled.

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, (look you, sir,) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst

not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he 's in directitude.*)

First Serv. Directitude; what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. 192
This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,*) deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'T is so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. 193

Rome. A public Place.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

[MENENIUS *approaching.*]

Brut. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?
194 *Sic.* 'T is he, 't is he. O! he is grown most kind
Of late.

Enter MENENIUS *(advancing).*

Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

195 *Enter three or four Citizens.*

Cit. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. Good-den, our neighbours.
Brut. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.
First Cit. Ourselves, our wives and children, on our knees
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Brut. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
196 *Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Brut. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Brut. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile. 197

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Brut. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be; 198
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Brut. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable I do not know), that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Brut. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS. 201

Com. O! you have made good work.
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger 's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?— 202
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.*)
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake 203
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work.
Brut. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'T is true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts; you have crafted fair.
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

Sec. Cit. An so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y' are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. O! ay, what else? [*Exeunt* Cominius *and* Menenius.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: 207
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But come, let 's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Brut. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Brut. Let 's to the Capitol:—'would, half my wealth
Would*) buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. 208

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the the grace 'fore meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that 's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean, for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone*)
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time,
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair*)
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter,*) strengths by strenghts do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father,
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so,—you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd*) for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied
It was a bare*) petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 't was folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too; we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I 'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Brut. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.
Men. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I 'll undertake it:
I think, he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I 'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.
Brut. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He 'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand; what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:*)
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife
(Who, as I hear)*) mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Volscian camp before Rome. The guards at their stations.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First G. Stay! Whence are you?
Sec. G. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men: 't is well; but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
First G. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
First G. You may not pass; you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. G. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name 218
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified*) my friends
(Of whom he 's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, 219
as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. G. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you say you have), I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, 220
when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women,

the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Sec. G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our*) gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, had denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison*) rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a paper.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

First G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius? 223

Sec. G. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

First G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to: Away! [*Exit.*

First G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. G. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. 224

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,

You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.
Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept—to grace him only
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband! 227
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O! a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd! 228
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior; 229
I holp to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
230 *Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
231 *Vol.* O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore, hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
232 *Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we*)
Thine enmity 's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find 233
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. 'A shall not tread on me:
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd"; the Romans,
"This we receiv'd"; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak.*) Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she (poor hen!), fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,

Loaden with honour. Say my request 's unjust, 236
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last;—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this*) child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a fire,
And then I 'll speak a little.*)

Cor. [*Holds* VOLUMNIA *by the hand, silent.* 237
O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal. 238

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,

What peace you 'll make, advise me; for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' cornerstone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him; but I say, there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours

ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.*) What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger. 241

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
242 *Men.* This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land-full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning forning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and music.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. A street near the gate.

243 *Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, *accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and Citizens. They pass over the stage.*

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Antium.*) A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs' and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,

He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
Third Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
247 *First Con.* So he did, my lord;
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—
Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*
248 *First Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city. 249

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines; but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.* 250

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates

Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
251 *Cor.* Traitor!—How now!—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt your city Rome,
I say your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.*)
252 *Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
First Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords, 253
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Con. Let him die for 't.
Citizens. Tear him to pieces; do it presently:—he killed my son;—my daughter:—he killed my cousin Marcius:—he killed my father.—
Sec. Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds-in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls:* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold! 254
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
First Lord. O Tullus!—
Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
Third Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet.—
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
First Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: – let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Ye the shall have a noble memory.—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.

NOTES.

NOTES.

2 [1]. *the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery ...*

If we put *which is* before *the object*, no misunderstanding is possible.

3 [1]. *partly proud.*

Should we not rather read *portly proud?* see *Spenser's* Amoretti, or Sonn. 5:

"Rudely thou wrongest my deare hearts desire,
In finding fault with her too *portly* pride:"

Delius proposes to read: "partly to please ... and partly to be proud".

5 [2]. *To stale 't.*

The fol. gives it *to scale 't.* Various commentators adhere to the old reading, understanding it in the sense of "to disperse", *Knight* even in the sense of "to weigh". To use the word here in the sense of "to weigh" would seem exceedingly forced, and no one of the unlearned hearers of Menenius would understand it.—As for "disperse", the old patrician may mean to do it *a little more*, since he supposes the tale to have been heard already by his audience, but it is more natural to understand *to stale the already heard story*, to make it as flat, as every twice told story is.—See *Dyce*'s remarks &c., p. 158, and *Walker's* criticisms, vol. ii, p. 274.

10 [5]. *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run ..*

A sporting dog of worst breed.

14 [1]. *Shouting their emulation.*

The sense of the last word is not very clear in this place (if it does not mean: "They shout at the success of their emulation"); perhaps we ought to read instead of *their emulation*

the innovation. Then it means: "They shout at the innovation, with which they have succeeded."

18 [8]. *The present wars devour him! He is grown*
Too proud to be so valiant.

May he perish in the present wars! The consciousness of his being so valiant, has made him too proud.

19 [2]. *Demerits ..*

Ought we not perhaps to read *due merits?*

19 [4]. ..... *and in what fashion*
More than his singularity .....

The modern editors put a comma after "fashion", which is not to be found in

the first fol., and are at a loss to understand "his singularity". I propose to change *his* to *this*, and to omit the newly added comma; then there is a very clear sense: the Tribunes had been just speaking about the singular fashion of arrangement between Cominius and Marcius; they now go to the Capitol, to see, "in what fashion more"—in what further fashion, beside the just mentioned singularity—"he goes upon this present action".

26 [3]. ..... *when it spit forth blood*
At Grecian sword contemning.

The fol. has: *At Grecian fword. Contenning, tell Valeria* .. All editors read: *At Grecian fword's contending. Collier*'s Corr. and *Collier* himself in his Sh: ed: proposed *swords contemning*, declaring it as "Hectors forehead contemning at the Grecian sword", and *Dyce* is right in asking whether "contemning at" is legitimate phraseology. But Volumnia does not speak about "contemning at"; she says: *spit at*, and the construction of the phrase must be: "when contemning (full of contempt) it spit forth blood at Grecian sword".

27 [6]. *What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.*

The first fol. has: *What are you fowing heere? A fine fpotte in good faith. Spot* and *sport* were the different readings of the editors, but, in my opinion, neither of them is the right one. It seems to me highly probable that the first fol. has a misprint in the word *fpotte*, for I am disposed, to regard this letter as an erroneous repetition of the compositor, who looked at the *f* in the word *fine* (*f* and *f* being easily confounded); the words to be composed, were not, as I conjecture, *a fine fpotte in good faith,*
but *a fine patte rn, good faith.*

34 [1]. *You shames of Rome you!* ....

The reading of *Malone;* the fol. has: *You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues* ...

45 [1]. *O, me alone!*

This is intelligible, though not very clear; probably the meaning is: "You lift me up, and even me alone, just as you do with your swords". But I should prefer to change *alone* into *aloft.*

45 [1]. *Though thanks to all, must I select* ...

Hanmer has omitted the words *from all* after *select*, which are found in the first fol., and I agree with him.

45 [1]. *And four shall quickly draw out my command* ..

Numerous notes and different emendations by the editors of each century show, that the reading of the first fol. did not satisfy the claims on intelligibility, and generally it was the word *four*, that puzzled the critics. And indeed, when *Steevens* says: "he will submit the election to four indifferent persons," it is a poor and rather indifferent sense, and not at all Shakespeare-like. But there is one word more, which must be regarded otherwise than it has been hitherto, if we want to understand it: the word *command.* It is impossible for Coriolanus, to "*command*, which men are best inclin'd", for inclination does not depend upon command; it acts without external influence. But if we understand *command* as subject, and change *and four* into *before*, the sense of the phrase

seems very clear: "Before you march, my command shall quickly draw out those men, which are best inclined."

48. *That with the fusty plebeians ...*

Plebeians is here to be pronounced *plébians.* See the first fol. *Plebeans.* (*Sydney Walker* and *Dyce.*)

51. *Let him be made a coverture for the wars!*

It would be more intelligible, if we could read *this* (silk) instead of *him*, as *Tyrwhitt* proposed.

53[2]. *To undercrest your good addition ...*

If *undercrest* is the word of the poet, this must be the sense: In his modesty, Marcius is not of opinion, to have already merited *the good addition*, the name of honour, Coriolanus; he promises to merit it by other deeds; for him it is nothing more but a hollow name, until he has "undercrested" it, adorned it by new heroical actions, and "to the fairness of his power".

57[2]. *Embarquements.*

A quite obsolete, and, as I suppose, not the poet's word: as expressing "impeachments", "impediments".

60[3]. *the napes of your necks ..*

"Nape of the neck" is an expression, which does not want any explanation, so that I wonder, that the critics have written so much about it; it means the hinder part of the neck, and Menenius wishes, that the eyes of the tribunes could be directed to the nape of the neck, and see their own foolish brains.

61[4]. *said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint;*

The following remark may be allowed to find a place here, though I do not pretend to attach any very great importance to it; it is perhaps too "hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion":

If "first complaint" does not stand in connexion with the mysterious charms of the worship of Venus, I would suggest the following explanation:

Menenius gives his own portrait as that of an Epicurean. He confesses to liking drinking and revelling, so that I wonder, he does not say anything about eating. But perhaps he does: he does not at all favour "the first complaint", for else he would favour the complaint of the plebeians, and since he already in the first words has confessed to like drinking, the "thirst" has no reason to complain. That Menenius is known to be a gourmand, appears from the remark of Brutus (64): "you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table...", and if we therefore take the *f* in *favouring* as a misprint for a long *f*, and remember, that Menenius says in the same play (215):

> ". . . . . but when we have stuff'd
> These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
> Than in our priest-like fasts . . . . . "

we are induced, to search in *the first complaint* for a misprint for something belonging to the culinary art; and the words "priest-like fasts" remind us of the time, when fasting was ordered—the lenten time. ("Time of lent" instead of "lenten time", see f. i. *Notes and Queries,* 3rd S., i, p. 88: "....this

p'sent tyme of Lent ...") Is it not possible, that *first complaint* is a misprint for *feast of lent*, and that instead of

in favouring the first complaint

we ought to read *in favouring the feast of lent.*

(I will not too strongly advocate a change in the word *feast*, and reading *fish* for it.—See Pericles, act ii, scene i: "we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fastingdays ...") At all events the sense, given by the emendation, is quite in keeping with the whole portrait: Menenius likes neither wine allayed with Tyber, nor lenten food, nor retiring to bed early—in short, he confesses to being a jolly fellow.

63 [2]. *pleading.*

The fol. has *bleeding*, but I have no doubt, that *Collier*'s Corr. is right, in emending this word to *pleading;* the pleading controversy is entangled ....

66 [1]. *the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic ...*

The fol. has *Emperickqutique.* If that is not intended to be a carricatured form for *empirical, Collier*'s Corr. and *Grant White* may be right in reading: *empiric physic.*

72 [1]. *change of honours.*

Variety of honours.—*Warburton.*

72 [2]. ..... *I have lived*

To see inherited my very wishes,

I have obtained the realization of my wishes.

76 [1]. *that to 's power ..*

as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it.—*Steevens.*

76 [2]. *touch the people.*

The fol. has *teach. Knight, Dyce, Collier*'s Corr., *Grant White*, and *Walker* accept the reading *touch.* If the Tribunes must "suggest to the people ...", they cannot hope, that "teaching" would do for the purpose; only "touching" will teach the people, whose mental power is not very great.

88 [3]. ..... *and is content*

To spend the time to end it.

To end—what? The time—of his life. He is content to have no other occupation but to sacrifice himself for his country.

99. *foolish.*

M. Mason and *Grant White* have the merit of having introduced this reading, instead of the misprint of the first fol. *Wooluish.* Coriolanus calls foolish "the napless gown of humility".

108 [2]. *And Censorinus, nam'd so by the people.*

This line is wanting in the first fol., and *Pope* supplied it; he wrote: "And Censorinus, darling of the people"; *Dyce* calls the line "far from a happy one", but says, "it seems to have now acquired a sort of prescriptive right to a place in the text". I do not think so; I prefer the reading, which I propose. In North's Plutarch we read: "Cenſorinus alſo came of that familie, that was ſo ſurnamed, becauſe the people had choſen him Cenſor twiſe." The lines

And Censorinus, nam'd so by the people,
And nobly named so, twice being censor,

are much nearer to the text and sense in Plutarch, than "the darling of the people". *Delius* proposed: "And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd"; in the form he comes yet nearer to Plutarch; but I think the same verb must stand in the first line as in the next.

115[7]. *Each way, to better yours.*

Your business is, to subdue the people, and I will better it, I will hinder you from doing so.

119. *Given Hydra here ..*

The fol. has *heere*, and most of the editors read *here*. *Collier*'s Corr. has *leave*, and *Dyce* says: "rightly perhaps, for in this passage there is a harshness in understanding *Given* as equivalent to *permitted*." In II. Part of *K. Henry VI.*, act iv, sc. 4, we find:

"Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed."

I propose therefore the reading: *Given Hydra heart ..*

119. *awake your dangerous lenity.*

In *All 's well that ends well*, act v, sc. 3, the words:

"Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust"

are to be understood as follows: "*In* our displeasures *we* often destroy our friends, and after *we* weep their dust." In the same manner the words *awake your dangerous lenity* are to be understood: "*you must* awake *out of* your dangerous lenity."—Perhaps the best reading would be *away* instead of *awake*, though *with* after *away* is wanting.

119. *You are plebeians.*

The last word is to be pronounced as if consisting of two syllables.

121. *Call our cares, fears; which will in time ..*

This line is complete in the metre, if *cares* is read as consisting of two syllables.

122[3]. *To jump a body.*

I retain the word *jump*, because I like it better than *Pope*'s emendation *vamp* (adopted by *Dyce*), and *Singer*'s *imp*. Neither "vamp" nor "imp" express, what Coriolanus means; he will "treat" the body with a dangerous physic, and hopes to "cure", not to "vamp" it, and since the treatment is dangerous, he *jumps*, i. e. he risks the body.

122[3]. ..... *Your dishonour*
Mangles true judgment .....

Coriolanus finds the dishonour of the Patricians in "this double worship, where one part does disdain with cause, the other insult without all reason".

126[10]. *And so are like to do.*

Menenius speaks that to himself. Since there is the question, who will prevail, Coriolanus or the Tribunes, Menenius fears the latter: "I fear, you will remain in your place, and Coriolanus will lose his new-won consulship."

141[3]. *I have a heart as little apt as yours,*
But yet a brain ....

Singer proposes "soft" for "apt", and *Collier*'s Corr. substitutes a new line; I prefer another reading, and propose therefore: "I have a heart as *lightly*

rapt as yours." Many instances of this use of the word *lightly* are to be found in *Johnson*, *Richardson* "(R. of Brunne, Chaucer, Gower, Holland: Plinie)", and *Coleridge*'s Glossarial Index "(R. of Gloucester)", and even in this play we find it (165, the last line but 5); as to *rapt*, see *Johnson*, *Richardson* "(*rapt:* borne, carried away, transported; and hence [met.] *rapt*, *rapture*, transport, trance, ecstasy, violent motion or emotion, of the mind, senses, passions)", and *Coriolanus* 185, last line but 2, where the heart is *rapt* in joy; but it might as easily be *rapt* in anger.

145 [2]. *That will not hold the handling: say to them ...*

Before *say* I have omitted the *or* of the fol., and believe I have thus restored this much discussed passage to clear sense: "Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand, and—having stretch'd it, thy knee bussing the stones, waving thy head—say to them ..."

149 [1]. ..... *let*
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ...

I will rather silently feel thy pride, than by new entreaties do as if I feared ....

153 [1]. *to have his worth of contradiction ...*

Rowe made a very clever emendation, in changing *worth* to *word*. I should like to adopt his reading.

156 [1]. *Think upon* is here to be read as *think 'pon*.

164 [1]. *A noble cunning.*

Perhaps *calling?*

165. *Like to a lonely dragon.*

He does not compare *himself* with a lonely dragon (for just now there is no reason to suppose, that he will be feared), but the *banishment;* he says: "though I go alone, as if I were going to ...." It is to be remembered that banishment was the hardest destiny for a Roman. A banished Roman was lost for ever, but Coriolanus assures his mother, that he will—even banished—perform deeds, that will "exceed the common": "There is a world elsewhere".

169 [5]. *Are you mankind?*

There is a malicious and low sense in these words: Volumnia says to Brutus: "will you be gone?", Virgilia to Sicinius: "you shall stay too", and continues: "I would, I had the power to say so to my husband." The tribune understands quite well the stinging pain of these words, but he prefers to comment them in a spiteful sense, as expressing the lady's *kind*ness to *men*, since she wants to retain him and Brutus, and to have her husband too. And therefore he asks: "Are you man*kind?*" Volumnia has too much of feminine purity, to understand the coarse quibble, and answers in the clear sense of the word, calling him and his father a fox.

173 [6]. *your favour is well approved by your tongue.*

Approved, Steevens' emendation, instead of *appear'd* of the first fol., is supported by *Collier*'s Corr., *Walker*, and *Grant White*.

191 [2]. *directitude.*

Singer says: "There can be no doubt, that the servant is intended to blunder

in the use of *directitude*." The servant will say, that Coriolanus is now in a dejected position, "but when his crest is up again...." The servant himself does not understand the word he uses, for else he would show his erudition by answering the question "Directitude, what 's that?" At all events he means "dejectitude", the emendation of *Collier*'s Corr.

192 ². *mulled.*

It is the only instance in Shakespeare, where this word is used, and I agree therefore with *Walker*'s emendation: *mute.*

202 ². *Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,*
Or butchers killing flies.

In the fol. *flies* in the first instance is written as here, but in the second line *Flyes.* I would prefer another word after "killing", since the comparison is very forced, and I suppose the repetition to be an error of the compositor. *Pigs* f. i. (though there are many other words, which may be chosen as well) would be better than *Flyes.*

207 ⁶. . . . . *'would, half my wealth*
Would buy this for a lie!

The repetition of *would* is somewhat heavy; *Could* in the second line would perhaps be a better reading.

209 ². *yet he has left undone.*

Aufidius hints at the conquest and demolition of Rome and the massacre of the inhabitants, and his words signify: "He has not yet done it, and I doubt, whether he will do it." Afterwards he says: "When, Caius, Rome is thine, thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine."

210. *Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair ...*

For "chair" *Singer* reads "hair", *Collier*'s Corr. and *Grant White* "cheer"; the best remark yet made is that of *Dyce*: he calls the line "a dark passage"; let us try, to make it clear: In order to penetrate the poet's meaning and intention, we must not examine a phrase, taken out of the connexion with the scene, but we must feel with the acting persons, and out of this feeling we must know, how they think and how they speak. And therefore let us now become Aufidius for a moment, and see, whether it might be possible for us, to think on the "chair", the sella curulis in Rome, and reflect on things, which do not stand in any relation to the passionate feelings of envy and revenge, which dominate us.— Aufidius feels quite well, that he has lost his position, as the first general of the Volsces, and that his glory is darkened by Coriolanus; he hates him and has the clear intention, to ruin him; so clear, that he knows already his way and means to do it. Though Coriolanus is hated by him and by some other Volscian Generals, he is not hated by the people, and to make him so, must be the first step. Aufidius knows, that, though small merits are willingly acknowledged, people do not like to be reminded of great and important merits, which lay them under the obligation of gratitude, and that he, who is idolized, is nearest to be hated as soon as he himself mentions his deeds.

"he has a merit [great enough] to choke it in the utterance,"

and therefore he provokes Coriolanus in act v, sc. 5 (251-253), and hopes

that in his fury he will boast of what he has done for the Volscian people, and that the "fire" of his merits shall be driven out by the "fire" of the people's pride. But that does not lie in the nature of Coriolanus, and by going just the contrary way, and hurting the self-love and vanity of the Volsces in reminding them of the origin of his name of Coriolanus, he facilitates for Aufidius the attainment of his purpose. But that is a fact, though it is of a stirring dramatic effect, (Coriolanus perishing in Antium by the same contempt of the people as in Rome) which has nothing to do with the former combinations of Aufidius. He intends to provoke Coriolanus to become his own panegyrist, and so he says:

"Power, unto itself most commendable,
Has not a tomb so evident as a *claim*
To extol what it has done."

i. e. "If he, who has merits, *claims* the extolment of his deeds, his power is lost." And therefore I propose, not to read *chair*

but *claim*.

210. *Rights by rights falter* ...

Falter, the ingenious emendation of *Dyce*. The fol. has *fouler*.

212[2]. *that have rack'd for Rome* ...

Rack'd in the fol. *wrack'd*. Perhaps we should read *work'd;* for that is the sense: The tribunes have won a noble memory (ironically) by caring for the public interest (as they ought to do as tribunes), and making coals cheap, just so as Publius and Quintus (108[2]) had the merit, to have brought the best water by conduits to Rome.

212[3]. *It was a bare petition of a state* ..

Monk *Mason* proposed "base" instead of "bare"; but *bare* may mean here: "without reasonable expectation of success".

216[3]. ....., *what he would do,*
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

In his writing he said, what he would do, and what not; and that an oath, given to the Volscians, bound him in this way.— The first guard says (220[1]): "you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon", and Coriolanus himself says (222[3]): "my remission lies in Volscian breasts", and (230[4]): "the thing I have forsworn to grant .."— Just before going to press, Professor Solly suggested to me as a new reading *hold* for *yield.*

216[3]. *(Who, as I hear)* ...

I have added the parenthesis, and the sense is: "Unless his noble mother and his wife mean—as I hear they intend—to solicit ...."

218[2]. *verified ... with all the size that verity would ... suffer.*

This seems almost to be nonsense. *Dyce* calls "verified" a most suspicious reading. *Hanmer* and *Collier*'s Corr. have "magnified"; what I propose is not much better than "magnified", except perhaps that the expression is somewhat more distinct, and that the word contains one letter more corresponding with

the letters in *verified;* I propose
to read: *glorified.*

221, line 14, *our* ...

Your, the reading of the first fol., is a misprint for *our.* Menenius cannot call the gates "your", since Coriolanus afterwards (222, line 10) says "your".— Perhaps we ought to read *yond.*

222 [3]. *Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison* ...

"Ingrate forgetfulness" is here *subject:* rather than *pity* shall note the fact, how familiar they have been, the *ingrate forgetfulness* of the Roman people shall poison this thought.

232. *And to poor we thine enmity 's most capital:*

i. e. "to us poor ..."

235. ..... *Speak to me, son!*
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak.

Volumnia means: "Speak to me! confess that thou hast injured thine honour, (in being the enemy of thy native country) only for the purpose, to be as merciful as the gods."

236. *and this child* ...

This, the emendation of *Walker.* The fol. has *his.*

236, last line. *And then I 'll speak a little.*

The last word she will speak before her death, shall be a curse on her son!

240 [2]. *He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.*

In my opinion, these are not Shakespeare's words. Perhaps he has written: ..... *as a king, great as* ..., or something similar; but the words, which stand in the text, seem to me almost nonsense, because I cannot agree with *Malone,* who understands "state" as "chair of state", and consequently must refer "thing" to "state", so that in this case the sense would be: "He sits in his state, as in a thing ..."

244 [1]. *Antium.*

Query: Is it not rather Corioli? Aufidius' words (251 [4]): "Dost thou think, I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli?" may be read in two different ways: "... I 'll grace thee with .... thy in Corioli stol'n name ...", and then Antium may be right; but if we read: "Dost thou think, I 'll grace thee in Corioli ...", then *Antium* must give way for *Corioli,* though Plutarch calls Antium the native town of Aufidius, and (248 [1]) the Conspirator says: "your native town .."

251 [3]. "*Auf.* No more."

I am of *Tyrwhitt*'s and *Walker*'s opinion, who give this speech to the *First Lord.*

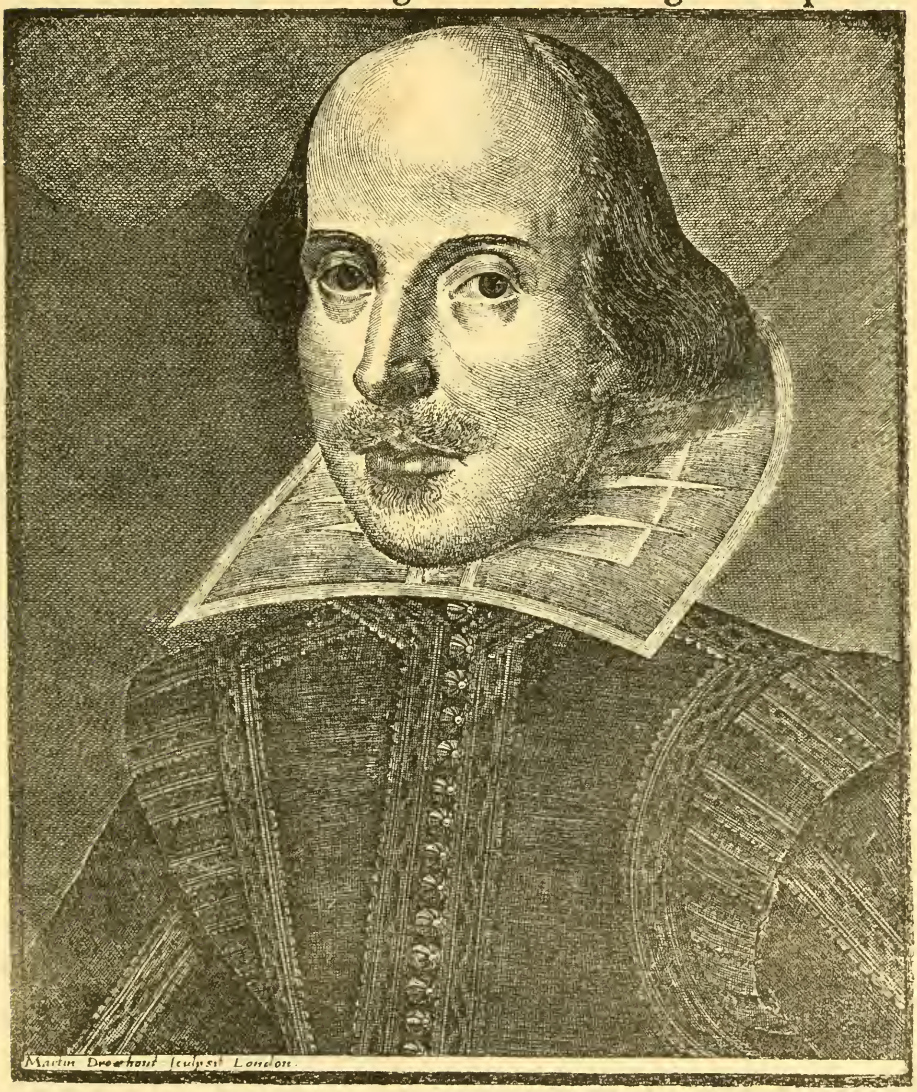
Berlin, printed by Unger Brothers, Printers to the King.

Mr. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON

Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

Photolithographie der Gebr Burchard. Berlin.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me ſpeake.

All. Speake, ſpeake.

1. *Cit.* You are all reſolu'd rather to dy then to famiſh?

All. Reſolu'd, reſolu'd.

1. *Cit.* Firſt you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the ſuperfluitie while it were wholſome, wee might gueſſe they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanneſſe that afflicts vs, the obiect of our miſery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our ſufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I ſpeake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Reuenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius*.

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Conſider you what Seruices he has done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himſelfe with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1. *Cit.* I ſay vnto you, what he hath done Famouſlie, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Countrey, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is couetous.

1. *Cit.* If I muſt not, I needs not be barren of Accuſations he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What ſhowts are theſe? The other ſide a'th City is riſen: why ſtay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would al the reſt were ſo.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, w now wee'l ſhew em in deeds: they ſay poore Suters haue ſtrong breaths, they ſhal know we haue ſtrong arms too.

Menen. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours, will you vndo your ſelues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, moſt charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants. Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heauen with your ſtaues, as lift them Againſt the Roman State, whoſe courſe will on The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbes Of more ſtrong linke aſſunder, then can euer Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) muſt helpe. Alacke, You are tranſported by Calamity Thether, where more attends you, and you ſlander The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vſurie, to ſupport Vſurers; repeale daily any wholſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and reſtraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare vs.

Menen. Either you muſt
Confeſſe your ſelues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But ſince it ſerues my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you muſt not thinke
To fobbe off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'ſt a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deuiſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.

2.Cit. Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it tantingly replyed
To th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2.Cit. Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Soul.her
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they.———

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?

2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer.

2.Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o'th'Braine,
And through the Cranks and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.

2.Cit. I ſir well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?

2 Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Cares; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius.*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelues Scabs.

2.Cit. We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatnes,
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeuerall places of the Citie,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they ſay
The Citie is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me vſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſſing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diſſolu'd: Hang em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone walls: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble ſhould hoie firſt vnroo ſt the City
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me ; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.
Meſſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Meſ. The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall ha meanes to vent
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1. *Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſinne in enuying his Nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to theſe Warres.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant : *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on : Follow *Cominius*, we muſt followe
you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne : take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth : Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.
Sicin. Was euer man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſ-
daines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vn-
der *Cominius*?
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt : for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius* : Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sicin. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not : and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors. though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity, he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede,
Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention : 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere : yes, heere it is;
They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt : the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous : And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent : moſt likely, 'tis for you :
Conſider of it.
1. *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field :
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer vs.
Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcouery,
We ſhalbe ſhortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2. *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they ſet downe before's : for the remoue
Bring vp your Army : but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis ſworne betweene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſsiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1. *Sen.* Farewell.
2. *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They ſet them downe on two lowe ſtooles and ſow.

Volum. I pray you daughter ſing, or expreſſe your ſelfe in a more comfortable ſort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I ſhould freelier reioyce in that abſence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would ſhew moſt loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelineſſe pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſel him an houre from her beholding; I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not ſtirre, was pleas'd to let him ſeeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I ſprang not more in ioy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, then now in firſt ſeeing he had proued himſelfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buſineſſe Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report ſhould haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found iſſue. Heare me profeſſe ſincerely, had I a dozen ſons each in my loue alike, and none leſſe deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuouſly ſurfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Virg. Beſeech you giue me leaue to retire my ſelfe.

Volum. Indeed you ſhall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme.
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* ſhunning him:
Me thinkes I ſee him ſtampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harueſt man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or looſe his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophe. The breſts of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſword. *Contenuing*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heauens bleſſe my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Vſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Lady-ſhip.

Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing heere? A fine ſpotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ſhip: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaſter.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile ſweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wenſday halfe an houre together: ha's ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did ſo ſet his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt haue you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threſhold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your ſelfe moſt vnreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Virg. Tis not to ſaue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the yearne ſhe ſpun in *Vliſſes* abſence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you ſhall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not ieſt with you: there came newes from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senatour ſpeake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, againſt who *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are ſet down before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and ſo I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuſe good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as ſhe is now:
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come good ſweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy ſolemneſſe out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Meſſenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say,ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Meſſ. They lye in view, but haue not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So,the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile nor ſel,nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?
Meſſ. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?
1.*Senat.* No,nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelues. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious*. Liſt what worke he makes
Amongſt your clouen Army.
Mart. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but iſſue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts,and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do diſdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
Alarum,the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South,light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're,that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That beate the ſhapes of men,how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.
Another Alarum,and Martius followes them to gates,and is ſhut in.
So,now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me,and do the like.
Enter the Gati.
1.*Sol.* Foole-hardineſſe, not I.
2.*Sol.* Nor I.
1.*Sol.* See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1.*Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates,he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes,ſtand'ſt vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to *Calues* wiſh,not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes,and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake,as if the World
Were Feauerous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding,aſſaulted by the Enemy.
Sol. Looke Sir.
Lar. O'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off,or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.
1.*Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2.*Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. *exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.
Enter Martius and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See heere theſe mouers,that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions,Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done,packe vp,downe with them.
And harke, what noyſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit,wil haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir,praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidius* thus,I will appeat (and fight.
Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune,
Fall deepe in loue with thee,and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire,with ſoldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends,wel fought,we are come (off,
Like Romans,neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrooke
By Interims and conueying guſts,we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes,as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers,with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. The Cittizens of *Coriales* haue yſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Aboue an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I ſir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frõ a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we haue at diſaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w̃ ſide
They haue plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Auffidius*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with ſwords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be heere,
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad liſe,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Waue thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.

They all ſhout and waue their ſwords, take him vp in their Armes, and caſt vp their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a word of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidius*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to March,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Diuide in all, with vs. *Exeunt*

Titus Lartius, hauing ſet a guard vpon Carioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Cains Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerue
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lart. Hence; and ſhut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. *Exit*
Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeuerall doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke owues a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights till they be driuen in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you haue ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.
Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou'lt not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle teares with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſtie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſell of this Feaſt,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Purſuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——
Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When ſhe do's prayſe me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Graue of your deſeruing,
Rome muſt know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worſe then a Theft,
No leſſe then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire, and top of prayſes vouch'd,
Would ſeeme but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
In ſigne of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.
Martius. I haue ſome Wounds vpon me, and they ſmart
To heare themſelues remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelues with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your onely choyſe.
Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuſe it,
And ſtand vpon my common part with thoſe,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, caſt vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Neuer ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steele growes ſoft, as the Paraſites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I ſay, for that I haue not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foyl'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe haue done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little ſhould be dieted
In prayſes, ſawc'ſt with Lyes.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applauſe and Clamor of the Hoaſt,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly euer?
Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.
Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.
Martius. I will goe waſh:
And when my Face is faire, you ſhall perceiue
Whether I bluſh, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-creſt your good Addition,
To th'faireneſſe of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repoſe vs, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſſe: you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Corioles* backe, ſend vs to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I ſhall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I ſometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans houſe: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I requeſt you
To giue my poore Hoſt freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he ſhould
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus*.
Lartius. Martius, his Name.
Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Viſage dryes, 'tis time
It ſhould be look't too: come. *Exeunt.*

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiers.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? fiue times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doe ſo, I thinke, ſhould we encounter

As

As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do'you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vppon, to triuiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, follows it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Chatracter, if I be knowne well enough too.

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forset-seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*, though peraduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. *Aside.*

Enter

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were ſhee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the loue of *Ioue* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius* and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very houſe reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Eſtate of ſeuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The moſt ſoueraigne Preſcription in *Galen*, is but Emperick qutique; and to this Preſeruatiue, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he diſciplin'd *Auffidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had ſtay'd by him, I would not haue been ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be ſworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God ſaue your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cauſe to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when hee ſhall ſtand for his place: he receiued in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeuen hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this laſt Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie ſeuen; euery gaſh was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A ſhowt, and flouriſh.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius*:
Before him, hee carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's nerue Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my proſperitie. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious ſilence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
You are three, that Rome ſhould dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſeruant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flouriſh. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are ſmother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: feld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoeuer God, who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull poſture.

Scicin. On the ſuddaine, I warrant him Conſull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honors,
From where he ſhould begin, and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commouers, for whom we ſtand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him ſweare,
Were he to ſtand for Conſull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of Humilitie,
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wiſh no better, then haue him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Scicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Brutus. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſpropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitneſſe for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and ſore blowes
For ſinking vnder them.

Scicin. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſull:
I haue ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer ſaw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scicin. Haue with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loues not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he ha's in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee ſeekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully diſcouer him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deſerued worthily of his Countrey, and his aſſent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who hauing beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but hee hath ſo planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice, that giuing it ſelfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelues: Coriolanus ſtands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble ſeruice, that hath
Thus ſtood for his Countrey. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt reuerend and graue Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſull, and laſt Generall,
In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himſelfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our ſtates defectiue for requitall,
Then we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o'th' People,
We doe requeſt your kindeſt eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paſſes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleaſing Treatie, and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Aſſembly.

Brutus. Which the rather we ſhall be bleſt to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you to heare *Cominius* ſpeake?

Brutus. Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow. Worthie *Cominius* ſpeake.

Coriolanus riſes, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer ſhame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare ſay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh--

Menen. Pray now ſit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtrucke, then idly ſit
To heare my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then one on's Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I ſhall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Vertue,
And moſt dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I ſpeake of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The briſled Lippes before him: he beſtrid
An o're-preſt Roman, and i'th' Conſuls view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelfe he met,
And ſtrooke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeuenteene Battailes ſince,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this laſt,
Before, and in Corioles, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeake him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into ſport: as Weeds before
A Veſſell vnder ſayle, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths ſtampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With ſhunleſſe deſtinie: aydeleſſe came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtrucke
Corioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie ſence: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in flеſh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall ſpoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer ſtood
To eaſe his Breſt with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honors which we deuiſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leſſe
Then Miſerie it ſelfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Menen. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſull.

Corio. I doe owe them ſtill my Life, and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe ſpeake to the People.

Corio. I doe beſeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cuſtome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to giue their ſufferage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſſe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People muſt haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuſtome,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath only.

Menen. Doe not ſtand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſull
Wiſh we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to vſe the people.

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requeſted,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter ſeuen or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our ſelues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee ſhew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, 'tis we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelues to be monſtrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will ſerue: for once we ſtood vp about the Corne, he himſelfe ſtucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome browne, ſome blacke, ſome Abram, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diuerſly Couler'd; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaſſe.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you ſo? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoone out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To looſe it ſelfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conſcience ſake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You'are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to ſtay altogether, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a ſingle Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and I'le direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthieſt men haue done't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noiſe of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines looſe by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you: Pray you ſpeake to em, I pray you
In wholſome manner. *Exit*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your owne deſert.

Corio. I, but mine owne deſire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne deſire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my deſire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Conſulſhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odde.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Conſull, I haue heere the Cuſtomarie Gowne.

1. You haue deſerued Nobly of your Country, and you haue not deſerued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1. You haue bin a ſcourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol. You ſhould account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will ſir flatter my ſworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wiſedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfetly, that is ſir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and giue it bountifull to the deſirers: Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Country.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Moſt ſweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterue,
Then craue the higher, which firſt we do deſerue.
Why in this Wooluiſh tongue ſhould I ſtand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their

Their needleſſe Vouches: Cuſtome calls me too't.
What Cuſtome wills in all things, ſhould we doo't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lye vnſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part ſuffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice ſix
I haue ſeene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, ſome leſſe, ſome more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Conſull.

1. *Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honeſt mans Voyce.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſull: the Gods giue him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſaue thee, Noble Conſull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inueſted,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Cuſtome of Requeſt you haue diſcharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change theſe Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-houſe.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We ſtay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*
He, ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you diſmiſſe the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Maſters, haue you choſe this man?

1. *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deſerue your loues.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. *Cit.* Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock vs.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongſt vs, ſaue your ſelfe, but ſayes
He vs'd vs ſcornefully: he ſhould haue ſhew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Country.

Scicin. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no: no man ſaw 'em.

3. *Cit.* Hee ſaid hee had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in ſcorne,
I would be Conſull, ſayes he: aged Cuſtome,
But by your Voyces, will not ſo permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your moſt ſweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſſe,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were leſſon'd: When he had no Power,
But was a petty ſeruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and ſway o'th' State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remaine
Faſt Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curſes to your ſelues. You ſhould haue ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leſſe
Then what he ſtood for: ſo his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And tranſlate his Mallice towards you into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to haue ſaid,
As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promiſe, which you might
As cauſe had call'd you vp, haue held him to,
Or elſe it would haue gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould haue ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,
And paſs'd him vnelected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did ſollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3. *Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that ſound.

1. *Cit.* I twice fiue hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They haue choſe a Conſull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe ſo.

Scici. Let them aſſemble: and on a ſafer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: beſides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, vngraciously, he did faſhion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.

Scici. Say you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do,
Then what you ſhould, made you againſt the graine
To Voyce him Conſull. Lay the fault on vs.

Brut. I, ſpare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of;
The Noble Houſe o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame Houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.

Scicin. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your ſuddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſall, both obſerue and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicin. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th' People:
And this ſhall ſeeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Auffidius* then had made new head.

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.

Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Readie when time ſhall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Conſull) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?

Latius. On ſafegard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.

Corio. At Antium lues he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do deſpiſe them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.

Scicin. Paſſe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on--No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he ſhall to th' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd againſt him.

Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are theſe your Heard?
Muſt theſe haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not ſet them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them ſithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerue ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirre: if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or neuer be ſo Noble as a Conſull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor has's *Coriolanus*
Deſeru'd this ſo diſhonor'd Rub, layd falſely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ſented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelues: I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelues haue plowed for, ſow'd, & ſcatter'd
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I haue ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdaine ſhould Tetter vs, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeake a'th'people, as if you were a God,
To puniſh; Not a man, of their Infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Mene. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.
Sicin. It is a minde that ſhall remain a poiſon
Where it is: not poyſon any further.
Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoyes*? Marke you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but moſt vnwiſe Patricians: why
You graue, but wreakleſſe Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to chooſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noiſe o'th'Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſſe,
When both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt pallates theirs. They chooſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himſelfe,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame; How ſoone Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.
Corio. Who euer gaue that Counſell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th'Store-houſe gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.
Mene. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute powre
I ſay they nouriſht diſobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people giue
One that ſpeakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile giue my Reaſons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſeruice for't; being preſt to'th'Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deſerue Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
Their Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they haue often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our ſo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words, We did requeſt it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Mene. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with ouer meaſure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be ſworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Where on part do's diſdaine with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon: where Gentry, Title, wiſedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it muſt omit
Reall Neceſſities, and giue way the while
To vnſtable Slightneſſe. Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſſe fearefull, then diſcreet,
That loue the fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That prefetre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wiſh,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyſicke,
That's ſure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true Iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould become't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Has ſaid enough.
Sicin. Ha's ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.
Corio. Thou wretch, deſpight ore-whelme thee:
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaide it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th'duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſull? No.
Enter an Ædile.
Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Sicin. Go call the people, in whoſe name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innouator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. Wee'l Surety him.
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.
Mene. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him *Ædiles*.
All. Downe with him, downe with him.
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:
They all buſtle about Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſions neere, I cannot ſpeake. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Sicinius*.

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, ſpeake, ſpeake, ſpeake.

Scici. You are at point to loſe your Liberties: *Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you haue nam'd for Conſull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd the Peoples Magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remaine.

Mene. And ſo are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet diſtinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scici. This deſerues Death.

Brut. Or let vs ſtand to our Authoritie, Or let vs loſe it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whoſe power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of preſent Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him: Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into deſtruction caſt him.

Brut. Ædiles ſeize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you ſeeme, truly your Countries friend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redreſſe.

Brut. Sir, thoſe cold wayes, That ſeeme like prudent helpes, are very poyſonous, Where the Diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands vpon him, And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here: There's ſome among you haue beheld me fighting, Come trie vpon your ſelues, what you haue ſeene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt. In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Mene. Goe, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away, All will be naught elſe.

2. Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid: I prythee noble friend, home to thy Houſe, Leaue vs to cure this Cauſe.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your ſelfe: be gone, 'beſeech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not, Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll: Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue, One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene. I could my ſelfe take vp a Brace o'th' beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it ſtands Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whoſe Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone: Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requeſt With thoſe that haue but little: this muſt be patcht With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent, And being angry, does forget that euer He heard the Name of Death. *A Noiſe within.* Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber. What the vengeance, could he not ſpeake 'em faire? *Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.*

Sicin. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himſelf

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He ſhall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law, And therefore Law ſhall ſcorne him further Triall Then the ſeuerity of the publike Power, Which he ſo ſets at naught.

1 Cit. He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall ſure ont.

Mene. Sir, ſir. *Sicin.* Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you ſhold but hunt With modeſt warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you haue holpe To make this reſcue?

Mene. Heere me ſpeake? As I do know The Conſuls worthineſſe, ſo can I name his Faults,

Sicin. Conſull? what Conſull?

Mene. The Conſull *Coriolanus*.

Brn. He Conſull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which ſhall turne you to no further harme, Then ſo much loſſe of time.

Sic. Speake breefely then, For we are peremptory to diſpatch This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude Towards her deſerued Children, is enroll'd In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that has but a Diſeaſe
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to looſe it by his Country,
Were to vs all that doo't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicin. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Menen. The ſeruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and plucke him thence,
Leaſt his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.
Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harme of vnskan'd iwiftneſſe, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceſſe,
Leaſt parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And ſacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were ſo?
Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot: our ſelues reſiſted: come.
Mene. Conſider this: He has bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without diſtinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmoſt peril.
1.Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our firſt way.
Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, preſent me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horſes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beame of ſight; yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vaſſailes, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood vp
To ſpeake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you haue me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With ſtriuing leſſe to be ſo: Leſſer had bin
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſſe you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, ſomthing too rough: you muſt returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleſſe by not ſo doing, our good Citie
Cleaue in the midd'ſt, and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Mene. Well ſaid, Noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoope to th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Phyſicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarſely beare.
Corio. What muſt I do?
Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Mene. Repent, what you haue ſpoke.
Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeake. I haue heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like vnſeuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Mene. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to ſeeme
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſſe or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeake to th'people:
Not by your owne inſtruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſomes truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: Theſe Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then ſpend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, ſpeake faire: you may ſalue ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſſe
Of what is paſt
Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing ſtretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the ſtones: for in ſuch buſineſſe
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou do'ſt confeſſe
Were fit for thee to vſe, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelfe (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo farre,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Menen This but done,
Euen as ſhe ſpeakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make ſtrong partie, or defend your ſelfe
By calmeneſſe, or by abſence: all's in anger.
Menen. Onely faire ſpeech.
Com. I thinke 'twill ſerue, if he can thereto frame his ſpirit,
Volum. He muſt, and will:
Prythee now ſay you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Muſt I goe ſhew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Muſt I with my baſe Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it muſt beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to looſe
This Mould of *Martius*, they to duſt ſhould grinde it,
And throw't againſt the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to ſuch a part, which neuer
I ſhall diſcharge toth' Life.
Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a Souldier; ſo
To haue my praiſe for this, performe a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Corio. Well, I muſt doo't:
Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſſe me
Some Harlots ſpirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-ſleepe: The ſmiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glaſſes of my ſight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Leaſt I ſurceaſe to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A moſt inherent Baſeneſſe.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more diſ-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutneſſe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou liſt,
Thy Valiantneſſe was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy ſelfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Conſull,
Or neuer truſt to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your ſelfe
To anſwer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accuſations, as I heare more ſtrong
Then are vpon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuſe me by inuention: I
Will anſwer in mine Honor.
Menen. I, but mildely.
Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ſet downe by'th (Pole?
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.
Sicin. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they heare me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I'th'right and ſtrength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Baniſhment, then let them
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inſiſting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cauſe.
Edile. I ſhall informe them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the preſent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edi. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint
When we ſhall hap to giu't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller ſtraite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaſt, he cannot
Be reſin'd againe to Temperance, then he ſpeakes
What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.
Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beate the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with y shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.
1 Sen. Amen, Amen.
Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.
Corio. First heare me speake.
Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you.
Corio. I am Content.
Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.
Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.
Sicin. Answer to vs.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so
Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.
Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell, Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th'extreamest death.
Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.
Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.
Brut. I talke of that, that know it.
Corio. You?
Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me speake:
I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruation of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalist.
They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile

Edile The peoples Enemy is gone,is gone.
All. Our enemy is baniſh'd,he is gone: Hoo,oo.
Sicin. Go ſee him out at Gates,and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight
Giue him deſeru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.
All. Come,come,lets ſee him out at gates,come:
The Gods preſerue our Noble Tribunes,come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus,Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares:a brief farwel:the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To ſay, Extremities was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When moſt ſtrooke home, being gentle wounded,craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg Oh heauens! O heauens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations periſh.
Corio. What,what, what:
I ſhall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'l'd haue done, and ſau'd
Your Husband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife,my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are ſalter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime)Generall,
I haue ſeene the Sterne, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to waile ineuitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother,you wot well
My hazards ſtill haue beene your ſolace,and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd,and talk'd of more then ſeene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common,or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My firſt ſonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on ſome courſe
More then a wilde expoſture, to each chance
That ſtart's i'th'way before thee.
Corio. O the Gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuiſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy Repeale, we ſhall not ſend
O're the vaſt world, to ſeeke a ſingle man,
And looſe aduantage, which doth euer coole
I'th'abſence of the needer.
Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou haſt yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres ſurfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my ſweet wife, my deereſt Mother,and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground,you ſhall
Heare from me ſtill, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come,let's not weepe,
If I could ſhake off but one ſeuen yeeres
From theſe old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, euery foot.
Corio. Giue me thy hand, come. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius,and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home,he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed,whom we ſee haue ſided
In his behalfe.
Brut. Now we haue ſhewne our power,
Let vs ſeeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.
Sicin. Bid them home: ſay their great enemy is gone,
And they,ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
Brut. Diſmiſſe them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia,Virgilia,and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut Why?
Sicin. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Brut. They haue tane note of vs:keepe on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.
Menen. Peace,peace,be not ſo loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping,you ſhould heare,
Nay,and you ſhall heare ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole,is that a ſhame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'ſt thou Foxſtrip
To baniſh him that ſtrooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haſt ſpoken words.
Sicin. Oh bleſſed Heauens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer wiſe words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou ſhalt ſtay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia,and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy poſterity
Volum. Baſtards,and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
Menen. Come,come,peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began,and not vnknit himſelfe
The Noble knot he made.
Brut. I would he had.
Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenſt the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray ſir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you ſee)
Whom you haue baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.
Sicin. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirme my Curſſes. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would clogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.
Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cauſe: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I ſuppe vpon my ſelfe,
And ſo ſhall ſterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*
Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well ſir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian.*
Volce. It is ſo ſir, truly I haue forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet.
Volce. Nicanor: no.
Rom. The ſame ſir.
Volce. You had more Beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean ſtate to finde you out there. You haue well ſaued mee a dayes iourney.
Rom. There hath beene in Rome ſtraunge Inſurrections: The people, againſt the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.
Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not ſo, they are in a moſt warlike preparation, & hope to com vpon them, in the heate of their diuiſion
Rom. The maine blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue ſo to heart, the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſſe, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus Baniſht?
Rom. Baniſh'd ſir.
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor.*
Rom. The day ſerues well for them now. I haue heard it ſaide, the fitteſt time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when ſhee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* well appeare well in theſe Warres, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his country.
Volce. He cannot chooſe: I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Buſineſſe, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Rom. I ſhall betweene this and Supper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduerſaries. Haue you an Army ready ſay you?
Vol. A moſt Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges diſtinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.
Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readineſſe, and am the man I thinke, that ſhall ſet them in preſent Action. So ſir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your Company.
Volce. You take my part from me ſir, I haue the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Diſguiſd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of theſe faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Leaſt that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with ſtones
In puny Battell ſlay me. Saue you ſir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.
Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*
Cit. He is, and Feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his houſe this night.
Corio. Which is his houſe, beſeech you?
Cit. This heere before you.
Corio. Thanke you ſir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy ſlippery turnes! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſomes ſeemes to weare one heart,
Whoſe Houres, whoſe Bed, whoſe Meale and Exerciſe
Are ſtill together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnſeparable, ſhall within this houre,
On a diſſention of a Doit, breake out
To bitterеſt Enmity: So tellеſt Foes,
Whoſe Paſſions, and whoſe Plots haue broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, ſhall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yſſues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he ſlay me
He does faire Iuſtice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*

Muſicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine. What ſeruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are aſleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly Houſe:
The Feaſt ſmels well: but I appeare not like a Gueſt.

Enter the firſt Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*
Corio. I haue deſeru'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter ſecond Seruant.*
2 *Ser.* Whence are you ſir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to ſuch Companions? Pray get you out.
Corio. Away.
2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'art troubleſome.
2 *Ser.* Are you ſo braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?
1 A ſtrange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'houſe: Prythee call my Maſter to him.
3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the houſe.
Corio. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your Harth.
3 What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.
3 A maru'llous poore one.
Corio. True, ſo I am.
3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp ſome other ſtation,

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maiſter what a ſtrange Gueſt he ha's heere.

2 And I ſhall. *Exit ſecond Seruingman.*

3 Where dwel'ſt thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Aſſe it is, then thou dwel'ſt with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I ſerue not thy Maſter.

3 How ſir? Do you meddle with my Maſter?

Corio. I, tis an honeſter ſeruice, then to meddle with thy Miſtris: Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt, ſerue with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here ſir. I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? What would'ſt y? Thy name? Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not thinke me for the man I am, neceſſitie commands me name my ſelfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmuſicall to the Volcians eares, And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou ſhew'ſt a Noble Veſſell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'ſt y me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Miſchiefe: thereto witneſſe may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thankleſſe Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witneſſe of the Malice and Diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Haue all forſooke me, hath deuour'd the reſt:
And ſuffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Hearth, not out of Hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſaue my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would haue voided thee. But in meere ſpight
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maimes
Of ſhame ſeene through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight
And make my miſery ſerue thy turne: So vſe it,
That my reuengefull Services may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my Cankred Country, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if ſo be,
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I alſo am
Longer to liue moſt wearie: and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a Foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breſt,
And cannot liue but to thy ſhame, vnleſſe
It be to do thee ſeruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*;
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
Should from yond clowd ſpeake diuine things,
And ſay 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where againſt
My grained Aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moone with ſplinters: heere I cleep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do conteſt
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy Valour. Know thou firſt,
I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I ſee thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I firſt my wedded Miſtris ſaw
Beſtride my Threſhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loſe mine Arme for't: Thou haſt beate mee out
Twelue ſeuerall times, and I haue nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy ſelfe and me:
We haue beene downe together in my ſleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fiſting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no other quarrell elſe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelue, to ſeuentie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for Rome it ſelfe.

Corio. You bleſſe me Gods.

Auf. Therefore moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Commiſſion, and ſet downe
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Countries ſtrength and weakneſſe, thine own waies
Whether to knocke againſt the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee firſt, to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hands moſt welcome.
Exeunt

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a ſtrange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue ſtroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made a falſe report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would ſet vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſome-thing in him. He had ſir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

tell how to tearme it.

1 He had ſo,looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him,then I could think.

2 So did I,Ile be ſworne. He,is ſimply the rareſt man i'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater ſoldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Maſter?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth ſix on him.

1 Nay not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you,one cannot tell how to ſay that:for the Defence of a Towne,our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an aſſault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes,Newes you Raſcals

Both. What,what,what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you ſay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not ſay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him ſay ſo himſelfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Corioles*, he ſcotcht him,and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is ſo made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars,ſet at vpper end o'th'Table: No queſtion aſkt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our Generall himſelfe makes a Miſtris of him,Sanctifies himſelfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Diſcourſe. But the bottome of the Newes is,our Generall is cut i'th'middle,& but one halfe of what he was yeſterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he ſayes,and ſole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his paſſage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't,as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you ſir,he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends ſir as it were,durſt not (looke you ſir) ſhew themſelues (as we terme it) his Friends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they ſhall ſee ſir,his Creſt vp againe,and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall haue the Drum ſtrooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt,and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee ſhall haue a ſtirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruſt Iron,encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre ſay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's ſprightly walking,audible,and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, ſleepe, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard Children, then warres a deſtroyer of men.

2 'Tis ſo, and as warres in ſome ſort may be ſaide to be a Rauiſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I,and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reaſon,becauſe they then leſſe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to ſee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are riſing,they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes,Sicinius,and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him,neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the preſent peace, And quietneſſe of the people,which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Bluſh, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themſelues did ſuffer by't, behold Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, then ſee Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops,and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he,'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late: Haile Sir.

Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do,were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he,heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all,gooden to you all.

1 Our ſelues,our wiues,and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue,and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell,farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when theſe Fellowes ran about the ſtreets, Crying Confuſion.

Bru. Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Inſolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious,paſt all thinking Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one ſole Throne,without aſſiſtace

Mene. I thinke not ſo.

Sicin. We ſhould by this,to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Conſull,found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it,and Rome Sits ſafe and ſtill,without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in priſon, Reports the Volces with two ſeuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepeſt malice of the Warre, Deſtroy, what lies before 'em,

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*, Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment, Thruſts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-ſhell'd,when *Martius* ſtood for Rome,

And

And durſt not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.
Bru. Go ſee this Rumoret whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.
Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leaſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſſe are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is ſeconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainſt Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as ſpacious, as betweene
The yong'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You haue holp to raviſh your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To ſee your Wiues diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* ſhould be ioyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity then Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt vs Brats, with no leſſe Confidence,
Then Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l ſhake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did ſhake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
Brut. But is this true ſir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly Reuolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde ſomething in him.
Mene. We are all vndone, vnleſſe
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for ſhame; the people
Deſerue ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſeru'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Mene. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I haue not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.
Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, ſuch as was neuer
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Cluſters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deſeru'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2 And ſo did I.
3 And ſo did I: and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of vs, that we did we did for the beſt, and though wee willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they ſo ſeeme to feare. Go home,
And ſhew no ſigne of Feare

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to vs: Come Maſters let's home, Deuer ſaid we were i'th wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they ſtill flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vſe him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnleſſe by vſing meanes I lame the foote Of our deſigne. He beares himſelfe more proudlier, Euen to my perſon, then I thought he would When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not Ioyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either haue borne The action of your ſelfe, or elſe to him, had left it ſoly.

Auf. I vnderſtand thee well, and be thou ſure When he ſhall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge againſt him, although it ſeemes And ſo he thinkes, and is no leſſe apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And ſhewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as ſoone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone That which ſhall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he ſits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians loue him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as raſh in the repeale, as haſty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it By Soueraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was A Noble ſeruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'was Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints The happy man; whether defect of iudgement, To faile in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooning From th'Caske to th'Cuſhion: but commanding peace Euen with the ſame auſterity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of theſe (As he hath ſpices of them all) not all, For I dare ſo farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power vnto it ſelfe moſt commendable, Hath not a Tombe ſo euident as a Chaire T'extoll what it hath done. One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do faile. Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine, Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine. *exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath ſaid Which was ſometime his Generall: who loued him In a moſt deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare *Cominius* ſpeake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not ſeeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not anſwer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleſſe, Till he had forg'd himſelfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why ſo: you haue made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was leſſe expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Menen. Very well, could he ſay leſſe.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's priuate Friends. His anſwer to me was He could not ſtay to picke them, in a pile Of noyſome muſty Chaffe. He ſaid, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt And ſtill to noſe th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the muſty Chaffe, and you are ſmelt Aboue the Moone. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your ayde In this ſo neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our diſtreſſe. But ſure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the inſtant Armie we can make Might ſtop our Countryman.

Mene. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and ſay that *Martius* returne mee, As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then? But as a diſcontented Friend, greefe-ſhot With his vnkindneſſe. Say't be ſo?

Sicin. Yet your good will Muſt haue that thankes from Rome, after the meaſure As you intended well.

Mene. Ile vndertak't: I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powre vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue ſuppler Soules
Then in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot loſe your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe: diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſſe hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.

2 *Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not paſſe, you muſt returne: our Generall will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*

1 Be it ſo, go backe: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparoll'd, happely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a ſubtle ground
I haue tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Haue (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt haue leaue to paſſe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you haue vttered words in your owne, you ſhould not paſſe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to liue chaſtly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howſoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you ſay you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muſt ſay you cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue puſht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his reuenges with the eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palmes of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotant as you ſeeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeue and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vſe me with eſtimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I ſay, go: leaſt I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vtmoſt of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile ſay an arrant for you: you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation: you ſhall perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, gueſſe but my entertainment with him: if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourely Synod about thy particular proſperity, and loue thee no worſe then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing aſſured none but my ſelfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with ſighes: and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my acceſſe to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares againſt your ſuites, are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would haue ſent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt.

Auffid. You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power:
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are ſhent for keeping your greatneſſe backe?

2 What cauſe do you thinke I haue to ſwoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelfe, feares it

not

not from another: Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action, You muſt report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly I haue borne this Buſineſſe.

Auf. Onely their ends you haue reſpected, Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome: Neuer admitted a priuat whiſper, no not with ſuch friends That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I haue ſent to Rome, Lou'd me, aboue the meaſure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge Was to ſend him: for whoſe old Loue I haue (Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I haue yeelded too. Freſh Embaſſes, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor priuate friends hereafter Will I lend eare to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within* Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate. What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doues eyes, Which can make Gods forſworne? I melt, and am not Of ſtronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould In ſupplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aſpect of intercеſſion, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer Be ſuch a Goſſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand As if a man were Author of himſelfe, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd, Makes you thinke ſo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part, And I am out, euen to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh, Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not ſay, For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kiſſe Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Reuenge! Now by the ielous Queene of Heauen, that kiſſe I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray, And the moſt noble Mother of the world Leaue vnſaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles* Of thy deepe duty, more impreſſion ſhew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh ſtand vp bleſt! Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vnproperly Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while, Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make What cannot be, ſlight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*; The Moone of Rome: Chaſte as the Iſicle That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow, And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May ſhew like all your ſelfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers: With the conſent of ſupreame Ioue, informe Thy thoughts with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt proue To ſhame vnvulnerable, and ſticke i'th Warres Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding euery flaw, And ſauing thoſe that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe, Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace: Or if you'ld aske, remember this before; The thing I haue forſworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I ſeeme vnnaturall: Deſire not t'allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You haue ſaid you will not grant vs any thing: For we haue nothing elſe to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame May hang vpon your hardneſſe, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for we'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requeſt?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life We haue led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe, How more vnfortunate then all liuing women Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould Make our eies flow with ioy harts dance with comforts, Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities moſt capitall: Thou barr'ſt vs Our prayers to the Gods which is a comfort That all but we enioy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we muſt looſe The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing bravely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelfe, Sonne,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warres determine: If I cannot perſwade thee,
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ſeeke the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, then to treade
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneſſe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to ſee:
I haue ſate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſaue the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerue, you might condemne vs
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we haue ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either ſide
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the ſiue ſtraines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will moue him more
Then can our Reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haſt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:
I am huſht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile ſpeak a litle

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Moſt dangerouſly you haue with him preuail'd,
If not moſt mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, would you haue heard
A Mother leſſe? or granted leſſe *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworne you were:
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make, aduiſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My ſelfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you ſhall beare
A better witneſſe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deſerue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yond'd Coin a'th Capitol, yond'd corner (ſtone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome, eſpecially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay vppon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſsible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horſe. The tartneſſe of his face, ſowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Coiſlet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they reſpect not vs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ.

Meſ. Sir, if you'ld ſaue your life, flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all ſwearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (preuayl'd,

Meſſ. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.

Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the ſhowting Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A ſhout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a dorr. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Sicin. Firſt, the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulneſſe.

Meſſ. Sir, we haue all great cauſe to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sicin Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing ouer the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that Baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flouriſh with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpiratorr of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1. *Con.* How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen ſo, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlaine.

2. *Con.* Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3. *Con.* The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'ſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnſwayable, and free.

3. *Conſp.* Sir, his ſtoutneſſe
When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would haue ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came vnto my Hearth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-ſeruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſeru'd his deſignements
In mine owne perſon: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong: Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rheume, which are
As cheape as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And I'le renew me in his fall But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets ſounds, with great ſhowts of the people.

1. *Con.* Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyſe.

2. *Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whoſe children he hath ſlaine, their baſe throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or moue the people
With what he would ſay, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auff. I haue not deſerr'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede peruſed
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1. *Lord.* And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might haue found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuies, anſwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

Anf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I haue attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no leſſe Honor to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subſcrib'd by'th'Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*

Corio. Martius?

Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counſaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that euer
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Muſt giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt vpon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Graue, ſhall ioyne
To thruſt the Lye vnto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles.*
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this vnholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Conſp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coſine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His laſt offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe, to vſe my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Inſolent Villaine.

All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conſpirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.

1. *Lord.* O *Tullus.*

2. *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3. *Lord.* Tread not vpon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauieſt Cenſure.

1. *Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2. *Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.

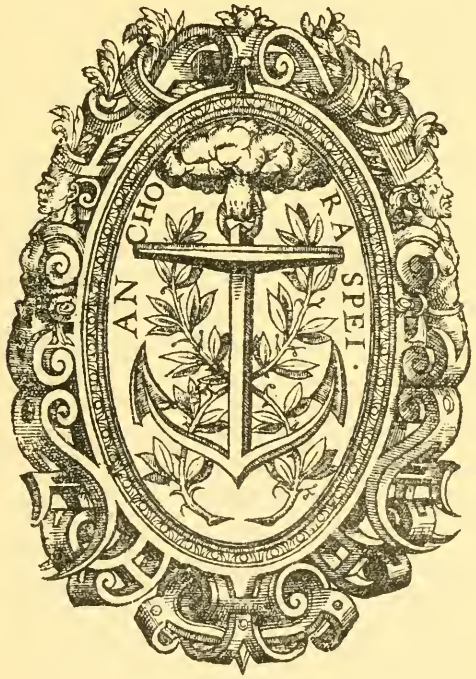
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefeſt Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he ſhall haue a Noble Memory. Aſſiſt.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

THE LIVES OF THE NOBLE GRECIANS AND ROMANES, COMPARED TOGETHER BY THAT GRAVE LEARNED PHILOSOPHER AND HISTORIOGRAPHER, *Plutarke of Chæronea*:

Tranſlated out of Greeke into French by IAMES AMIOT, Abbot of Bellozane, Biſhop of Auxerre, one of the Kings priuie counſell, and great Amner of France, and out of French into Engliſh, by *Thomas North*.



Imprinted at London by Richard Field for Bonham Norton.
1595.

EXTRACTS FROM NORTH'S PLUTARCH.

THE LIFE OF CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS.

THE houſe of the *Martians* at ROME was of the number of the *Patricians*, 108
out of the which hath ſprong many noble perſonages, whereof *Ancus Martius* was one, king *Numaes* daughters ſonne, who was king of ROME after *Tullus Hoſtilius*. Of the ſame houſe were *Publius*, & *Quintus*, who brought to ROME their best water they had by conduites. *Cenſorinus* alſo came of that familie, that was ſo ſurnamed, becauſe the people had choſen him *Cenſor* twiſe.

The firſt time he went to the warres, being but a ſtripling, was when 85
Tarquine ſurnamed the prowde (that had bene king of ROME, and was driuen out for his pride, after many attemptes made by ſundry battelles to come in againe, wherein he was euer ouercome) did come to ROME.

In this battell, wherein were many hotte and ſharpe encounters of either 85
partie, *Martius* valliantly fought in the ſight of the Dictator: & a ROMAINE ſouldier being thrown to the grou̅d euen harde by him, *Martius* ſtraight beſtrid him, and ſlew the enemie with his owne handes that had before ouerthrown the ROMAINE. Hereupon, after the battell was wonne, the Dictator did not forget ſo noble an acte, and therefore firſt of all he crowned *Martius* with a garland of oken boughs.

And as for other, the only reſpect that made them valiant, was they hoped 3
to haue honour: but touching *Martius*, the onely thing that made him to loue honour, was the ioy he ſawe his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him ſo happie and honorable, as that his mother might heare euerie body praiſe and commend him, that ſhee might alwayes ſee him returne with a crowne vpon his head, and that ſhe might ſtill imbrace him with teares running downe her cheekes for ioye.

Other held hard againſt that opinion, and that was *Martius* for one. For 119
he alleaged, that the creditours loſing their money they had lent, was not the worſt thing that was thereby: but that the lenitie that was fauored, was a beginning of diſobedience, and that the proude attempt of the communaltie, was to aboliſh law, and to bring all to confuſion. Therefore he ſayed, if the

Senate were wiſe, they ſhould betimes preuent and quench this ill fauored & worſe ment beginning.

The Senate being afeard of their departure, did ſend vnto them certaine of the pleaſantest olde men, and the moſt acceptable to the people among them. Of thoſe *Menenius Agrippa* was he, who was ſent for chiefe man of the meſſage from the Senate. He, after many good perſuaſions and gentle requeſtes made to the people, on the behalfe of the Senate: knit vp his oration in the end,
6 with a notable tale, in this manner. That on a time all the members of mans body did rebell against the bellie, complaining of it, that it onely remained in the middeſt of the bodie, without doing anything, neither did beare any labour to the maintenaunce of the reſt: whereas all other partes and members did labour paynefully, & were very carefull to ſatiſfie the appetites and deſires
9 of the bodie. And ſo the bellie, all this notwithſtanding laughed at their follie, and ſayed. It is true, I firſt receiue all meates that noriſh mans bodie: but afterwardes I ſend it againe to the noriſhment of other partes of the ſame.
10 Euen ſo (quoth he) ô you, my maiſters, and cittizens of Rome: the reaſon is alike betweene the Senate & you. For matters being wel digeſted, & their counſells throughly examined, touching the benefite of the common wealth: the Senatours are cauſe of the common cōmoditie that cōmeth vnto euery one of you.

In the countrie of the Volsces againſt whom the Romaines made war at that time, there was a principall cittie & of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the Conſul *Cominius* did laye ſiege. Wherefore al the other Volsces fearing leaſt that cittie ſhould be taken by aſſault, they came from all partes of the countrie to ſaue it, entending to giue the Romaines battell before the cittie, and to giue an onſet on them in two ſeuerall places. The Conſul *Cominius* vnderſtanding this, deuided his armie alſo into two partes, and taking the one part with himſelf, he marched towards them that were drawing to the cittie, out of the countrie: and the other part of his armie he left in the campe with *Titus Latius* (one of the valianteſt men the Romaines had at that time) to reſiſt thoſe that would make any ſaly out of the cittie vpon them. To the Coriolans making ſmall accompt of them that laye in campe before the cittie, made a ſalye out vpon them, in the which at the firſt the Coriolans had the better, and draue the Romaines backe againe into the
34 trenches of their campe. But *Martius* being there at that time, running out of the campe with a fewe men with him, he ſlew the firſt enemies he met withal, and made the reſt of them ſtay vpon the ſodain, crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a loud voyce.
36 For he was euen ſuch another, as *Cato* would haue a ſouldier and a captaine to be, not only terrible, and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemie afearde with the ſounde of his voyce, and grimnes of his countenance. Then there flocked about him immediately, a great number of Romaines: whereat the enemies were ſo afeard, that they gaue backe preſently. But *Martius* not

ſtaying ſo, did chaſe and followe them to their owne gates, that fled for life. And there perceiuing that the ROMAINES retired backe, for the great number of dartes and arrowes which flew about their eares frō the walles of the cittie, & that there was not one man amongeſt them that durſt venter himſelfe to follow the flying enemies into the cittie, for that it was full of men of warre, very well armed, and appointed: he did encorage his fellowes with wordes and deedes, crying out to them, that fortune had opened the gates of the cittie, more for the followers thē the flyers. But all this notwithſtanding, few had the hartes to follow him. Howbeit *Martius* being in the throng among the enemies, thruſt himſelfe into the gates of the cittie, and entred the ſame among them that fled, without that any one of them durſt at the firſt turne their face vpon him, or elſe offer to ſtay him. 35

The cittie being taken in this ſorte, the moſt part of the ſouldiers beganne incontinently to ſpoile, to carry away, and to looke vp the bootie they had wonne. But *Martius* was maruellous angry with them, and cryed out of them, that it was no time now to looke after ſpoyle, and to runne ſtragling heere and there to enrich themſelues, whileſt the other Conſul and their fellowe cittizens peraduenture were fighting with their enemies: and how that leauing the ſpoyle, they ſhould ſecke to wind themſelues out of daunger and perill. 37

When they ſawe him at his firſt comming, all blouddy, and in a ſwet, and but with a fewe men following him: ſome thereupon beganne to be afeard. But ſoone after, when they ſawe him runne with a liuely cheere to the Conſul, and to take him by the hande, declaring howe he had taken the cittie of CORIOLES, and that they ſawe the Conſul *Cominius* alſo kiſſe and imbrace him: then there was not a man but tooke harte againe to him, and beganne to be of a good courage, ſome hearing him report from poynt to poynt, the happie ſucceſſe of this exployte, and other alſo coniecturing it by ſeeing their geſtures a farre off. Then they all beganne to call vpon the Conſul to martch forward, and to delaye no longer but to giue charge vpon the enemie. *Martius* asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was, and on which ſide they had placed their beſt fighting men. The Conſul made him aunſwer, that he thought the bandes which were in the vowarde of their battell, were thoſe of the ANTIATES, whom they eſteemed to be the warlikeſt men, and which for valiaunt corage would giue no place, to any of the hoſte of their enemies. Then prayed *Martius*, to be ſet directly againſt them. The Conſul granted him, greatly prayſing his courage. 40 41 43 44

Then they prayed *Martius* that he would retire to the campe, becauſe they ſawe he was able to doe no more, he was alreadie ſo wearied with the great paine he had taken, and ſo fainte with the great woundes he had vpon him. But *Martius* aunſwered them, that it was not for conquerours to yeelde, nor to be fainte harted: and thereupon beganne a freſhe to chaſe thoſe that fledde, vntill ſuch time as the armie of the enemies was vtterly ouerthrowne, and 38

numbers of them ſlaine and taken priſoners. The next morning betimes,
48 *Martius* went to the Conſul, and the other ROMAINES with him. There the Conſul *Cominius* going vp to his chayr of ſtate, in the preſence of the whole armie, gaue thankes to the goddes for ſo great, glorious, and proſperous a victorie: then he ſpake to *Martius*, whoſe valiantneſſe he commended beyond the moone, both for that he himſelfe ſawe him do with his eyes, as alſo for
50 that *Martius* had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed *Martius*, that he ſhould chooſe out of all the horſes they had taken of their enemies, and of all their goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great ſtore) tenne of euerie ſorte which he liked beſt, before any diſtribution ſhould be made to other. Beſides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gaue him in teſtimonie
52 that he had wonne that daye the price of proweſſe aboue all other, a goodly horſe with a cappariſon, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, did maruellouſly praiſe and commend. But *Martius* ſtepping forth, told the Conſull, he moſt thankefully accepted the gift of his horſe, and was a glad man beſides, that his ſeruice had deſerued his generalles commendation: and
50 as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenarie rewarde, then an honorable recompence, he would haue none of it, but was contented to haue his
54 equall part with other ſouldiers. Onely, this grace (ſayed he) I craue and beſeech you to graunt me. Among the VOLSCES there is an olde friend and hoaſt of mine, an honest wealthie man, and nowe a priſoner, who liuing before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth nowe a poore priſoner, in the hands of his enemies: and yet notwithſtanding all this miſerie and misfortune, it would do me great pleaſure if I could ſaue him from his one danger: to keepe him from being ſolde as a ſlaue.

---

52 After this ſhoute and noyſe of the aſſembly was ſomewhat appeaſed, the Conſul *Cominius* beganne to ſpeake in this ſorte. We cannot compell *Martius* to take theſe giftes wee offer him if he will not receiue them: but we will giue him ſuch a reward for the noble ſeruice he hath done, as he cannot refuſe. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, vnleſſe his valiant actes haue wonne him that name before our nomination. And ſo euer ſince, he ſtill bare the third name of *Coriolanus*.

Shortly after this, *Martius* ſtood for the Conſulſhip: and the common people
91 fauoured his ſute, thinking it would be a ſhame to them to denie, and refuſe the chiefeſt noble man of bloud, and moſt worthie perſon of ROME, and ſpecially him that had done ſo great ſeruice and good to the commonwealth. For the
89 cuſtome of ROME was at that time, that ſuch as did ſue for any office, ſhould for certaine dayes before be in the market place, onely with a poore gowne on their backes, and without any coate vnderneath, to pray the cittizens to remember them at the day of election: which was thus deuiſed, either to moue the people the more, by requeſting them in ſuch meane apparell, or elſe becauſe they might ſhew them their wounds they had gotten in the warres in the ſeruice of the commonwealth, as manifeſt markes and teſtimonie of their valiantneſſe.

Now *Martius* following this cuſtome, ſhewed many woundes and cuts vpon 93
his bodie, which he had receiued in ſeuenteene yeares ſeruice at the warres, and in many ſundrie battels, being euer the foremoſt man that did ſet out feete to fight. So that there was not a man among the people, but was aſhamed of himſelfe, to refuſe ſo valiant a man: and one of them ſaid to another, we muſt needes chooſe him Conſull, there is no remedie. But when the day of election was come, and that *Martius* came to the market place with great pompe, accompanied with all the Senate, and the whole Nobilitie of the citie about him, who fought to make him Conſull, with the greateſt inſtance and intreatie they could, or euer attempted for any man or matter: then the loue and good will of the common people, turned ſtraight to an hate and enuie toward him, fearing to put this office of ſoueraigne authoritie into his hands, being a man ſomewhat partiall toward the nobilitie, and of great credit and authoritie amongſt the *Patricians*, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the 106
libertie from the people. Whereupon for theſe conſiderations, they refuſed *Martius* in the end, and made two other that were ſuters, Conſuls. The Senate being maruellouſly offended with the people, did accompt the ſhame of this refuſall, rather to redound to themſelues, then to *Martius*: but *Martius* tooke it in farre worſe parte then the Senate, and was out of all pacience. For he was a man too full of paſſion and choller, and too much giuen to ouer ſelfe will and opinion.

In the meane ſeaſon, there came great plentie of corne to Rome, that had bene bought, part in Italie, and part was ſent out of Sicile, as giuen by *Gelon* the tyrant of Syracvsa: ſo that many ſtood in great hope, that the dearth of victuals being holpē, the ciuill diſſention would alſo ceaſe. The Senate ſate in counſell vpon it immediatly, the common people ſtood alſo about the pallace where the counſell was kept, gaping what reſolution would fall out: perſwading themſelues, that the corne they had bought ſhould be ſolde good cheape, and that which was giuen ſhould be deuided by the polle, without paying any pennie, and the rather, becauſe certaine of the Senatours amongſt them did ſo wiſhe and perſwade the ſame. But *Martius* ſtanding vpon his feete, did ſomewhat ſharpely take vp thoſe, who went about to gratifie the people therein: and called them people pleaſers, and traitours to the nobilitie. Moreouer,
"he ſaied, they nouriſhed againſt themſelues, the naughtie ſeede and cockle of 117
"inſolencie and ſedition, which had bene ſowed and ſcattered abroade amongſt
"the people whom they ſhould haue cut off, if they had bene wiſe, and haue 119
"preuented their greatneſſe: and not to their owne deſtruction to haue ſuffered
"the people, to ſtabliſh a magiſtrate for themſelues, of ſo great power and au-
"thoritie, as that man had, to whome they had granted it. Who was alſo to
"be feared, becauſe he obtained what he would, and did nothing but what he
"liſted, neither paſſed for any obedience to the Conſuls, but liued in all libertie,
"acknowledging no ſuperiour to commaund him, ſauing the onely heads and
"authours of their faction, whom he called his magiſtrates. Therefore ſaied 120
"he, they that gaue counſell, and perſwaded that the corne ſhould be giuen out

"to the common people *gratis,* as they vſed to do in the cities of GRECE, where "the people had more abſolute power: did but onely nouriſh their diſobedience, "which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrowe of
121 "the whole ſtate. For they will not thinke it is done in recompenſe of their "ſeruice paſt, ſithence they know well enough they haue ſo oft refuſed to go "to the warres, when they were commanded: neither for their mutinies when "they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forſaken their countrie: "neither for their accuſations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, "and they haue receiued, and made good againſt the Senate: but they will "rather iudge, we giue and grant them this, as abaſing ourſelues, and ſtanding "in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their "diſobedience will ſtill growe worſe and worſe: and they will neuer leaue to
123 "practiſe new ſedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, "me thinkes to do it: yea, ſhall I ſay more? we ſhould if we were wiſe, take "from them their Tribuneſhip, which moſt manifeſtly is the embaſing of the "Conſulſhip, and the cauſe of the diuiſion of the citie. The ſtate whereof as "it ſtandeth, is not now as it was wonte to be, but becommeth diſmembred in "two factions, which maintains alwaies ciuill diſſention and diſcorde betweene "vs, and will neuer ſuffer vs againe to be vnited into one body.

For the Tribunes of the people, being preſent at this conſultation of the Senate, when they ſawe that the opinion of *Martius* was confirmed with the
124 more voices, they left the Senate, and went downe to the people, crying out for helpe, and that they would aſſemble to ſaue their Tribunes. Hereupon the
125 people ran on head in tumult together, before whom the words that *Martius* ſpake in the Senate were openly reported: which the people ſo ſtomaked, that euen in that furie they were ready to flie vpon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laide all the fault and burthen wholly vpon *Martius*, and ſent their ſergeants forthwith to arreſt him, preſently to appeare in perſon before the people, to anſwer the words he had ſpoken in the Senate. *Martius* ſtoutly withſtood theſe officers that came to arreſt him. Then the Tribunes in their owne perſons, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetche him by force, and
129 ſo laide violent hands vpon him. Howbeit the noble *Patricians* gathering together about him, made the Tribunes giue back, and laid it ſore vpon the Ædiles.

Martius ſeeing the Senate in great doubt howe to reſolue, partly for the loue and good will the nobilitie did beare him, and partly for the feare they ſtoode in of the people: asked aloud of the Tribunes, what matter they would
155 burden him with? The Tribunes aunſwered him, that they would ſhewe howe he did aſpire to be king, and would proue that all his actions tended to vſurpe
157 tyrannicall power ouer ROME. *Martius* with that, riſing vp on his feete, ſaide: that thereupon he did willingly offer himſelfe to the people, to be tried vpon that accuſation. And that if it were proued by him, he had ſo much as once thought of any ſuch matter, that hee would then refuſe no kinde of puniſhment

they would offer him: conditionally (quoth he) that you charge me with nothing elſe beſides, and that ye doe not alſo abuſe the Senate. They promiſed they would not. Vnder theſe conditions the iudgement was agreed vpon, and the people aſſembled. And firſt of all the Tribunes would in any caſe (whatſoeuer became of it) that the people would proceede to giue their voices by Tribes, and not by hundreds: for by this meanes the multitude of the poore needy people (and all ſuch rable as had nothing to looſe, and had leſſe regard of honeſtie before their eies) came to be of greater force (becauſe their voices were numbred by the polle) then the noble honeſt citizens, whoſe perſons and purſe did dutifully ſerue the common wealth in their warres. And then when the Tribunes ſaw they could not proue he went about to make him ſelfe King: they beganne to broach a freſh the former wordes that *Martius* had ſpoken in the Senate. in hindering the diſtribution of the corne at meane price vnto the common people, and perſwading alſo to take the office of Tribuneſhip from them. And for the third, they charged him a new, that he had not made the common diſtribution of the ſpoyle he had gotten in the inuading the territories of the ANTIATES: but had of his owne authoritie deuided it among them, who were with him in that iourney. But this matter was moſt ſtraunge of all to *Martius*, looking leaſt to haue bene burdened with that, as with any matter of offence. Whereupon being burdened on the ſodaine, and hauing no readie excuſe to make euen at that inſtant: he beganne to fall a praiſing of the ſouldiers that had ſerued with him in that iourney. But thoſe that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out ſo loud, and made ſuch a noiſe that he could not be heard. To conclude, when they came to tell the voices of the Tribes, there were three voices odde, which condemned him to be baniſhed for life. After declaration of the ſentence, the people made ſuch ioy, as they neuer reioyced more for any battell they had wonne vpon their enemies, they were ſo braue and liuely, and went home ſo iocondly from the aſſembly, for triumph of this ſentence.

NOW in the citie of ANTIVM, there was one called *Tullus Aufidius*, who for his riches, as alſo for his nobilitie and valiantneſſe was honoured among the VOLSCES as a King. *Martius* knewe very well that *Tullus* did more malice and enuie him, then he did all the ROMAINES beſides: becauſe that many times in battels where they met, they were euer at the encounter one againſt another, like luſtie couragious youthes, ſtriuing in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Inſomuch as beſides the common quarrell betweene them, there was bred a maruellous priuate hate one againſt another. Yet notwithſtanding, conſidering that *Tullus Aufidius* was a man of a great mind, and that he aboue all other of the VOLSCES moſt deſired reuenge of the ROMAINES, for the iniuries they had done vnto them: hee did an acte that confirmed the true wordes of an auncient Poet, who ſaide:

It is a thing full hard, mans anger to withſtand,
if it be ſtiffely bent to take an enterpriſe in hand.
For then moſt men will haue, the thing that they deſire,
although it coſt their liues therefore, ſuch force hath wicked ire.

And ſo did he. For he diſguiſed himſelfe in ſuch array and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knowen him for the perſon he was, ſeeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe: and as *Homer* ſaid of *Vlyſſes*,

So did he enter into the enemies towne.

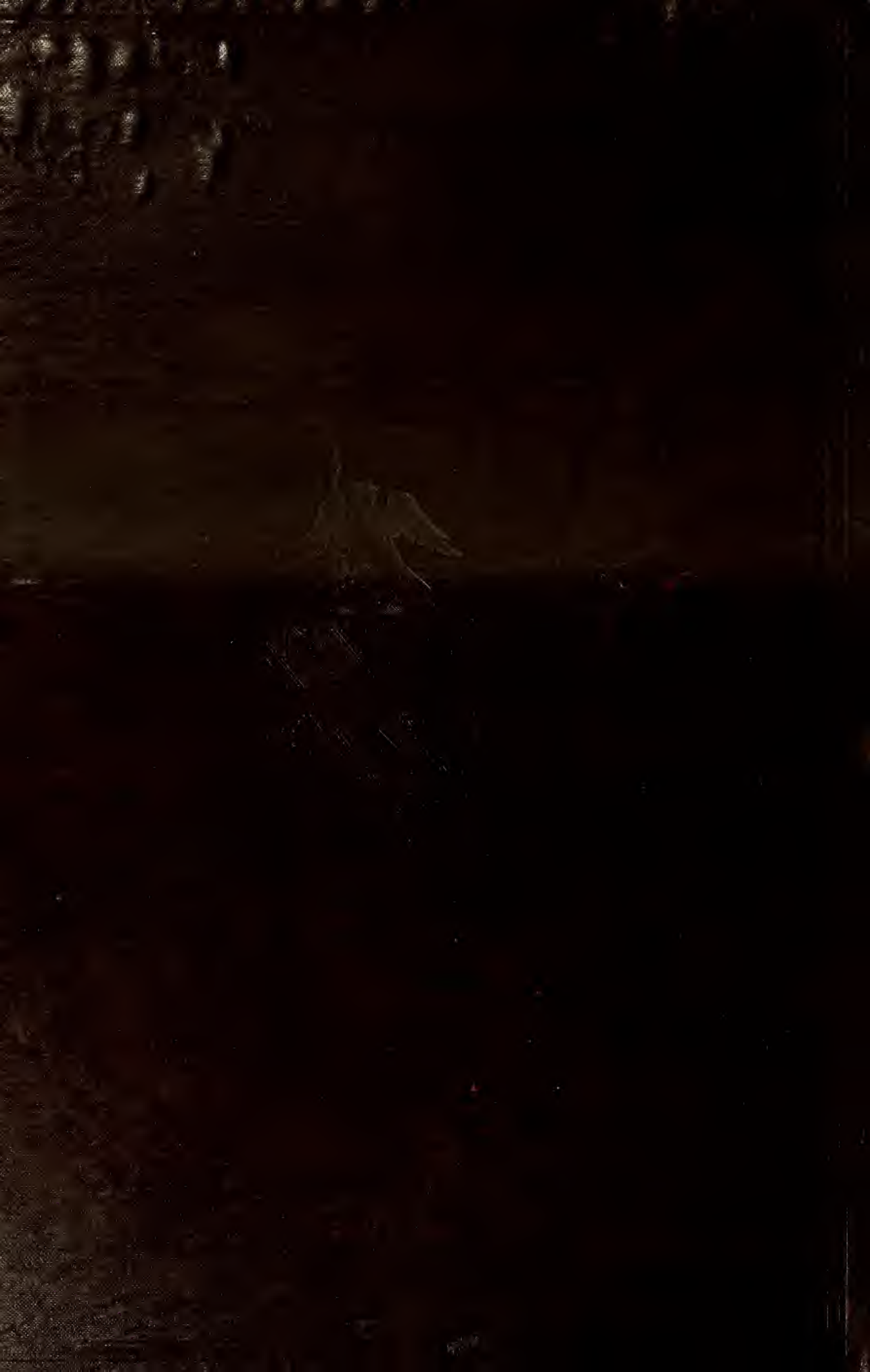
176 It was euen twy-light when he entred the citie of ANTIVM, and many people met him in the ſtreetes, but no man knew him. So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* houſe, and when he came thither, he got him vp ſtraight to the chimney harth, and ſate him downe, and ſpake not a word to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the houſe ſpying him, wondered what he ſhould be, and yet they durſt not bid him riſe. For ill fauouredly muffled and diſguiſed as he was, yet there appeared a certaine maieſtie in his countenance, and in his ſilence: wherenpon they went to *Tullus* who was at ſupper, to tell him of the ſtrange diſguiſing of this man. *Tullus* roſe preſently from the board, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then *Martius* vnmuffled himſelfe, and after he had pauſed a while, making no anſwere, he ſaid vnto him. If thou knoweſt me not yet, *Tullus*, and ſeeing me, doſt "not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am in deede, I muſt of neceſſitie
183 "bewray myſelfe to be that I am. I am *Caius Martius*, who hath done to thy-"ſelfe particularly, and to all the VOLCES generally, great hurt and miſchief, "which I cannot denie for my ſurname of *Coriolanus* that I beare. For I neuer "had other benefite nor recompence, of all the true and painefull ſeruice I haue "done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only ſurname: a "good memorie and witneſſe of the malice and diſpleaſure thou ſhouldeſt beare "me. In deede the name onely remaineth with me: for the reſt, the enuie and "crueltie of the people of ROME haue taken from me, by the ſufferance of the "daſtardly nobilitie and magiſtrates, who haue forſaken me, and let me be "baniſhed by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a "poore ſuter, to take thy chimney harth, not of any hope I haue to ſaue my "life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to "haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with ſpite and deſire I haue "to be reuenged of them that thus haue baniſhed me, whom now I beginne to "be auenged on putting my perſon betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou
184 "haſt any heart to be wrecked of the iniures thy enemies haue done thee, "ſpeede thee now, and let my miſerie ſerue thy turne, and ſo vſe it, as my "ſeruice may be a benefite to the VOLSCES: promiſing thee, that I will fight "with better good will for all you, then I did when I was againſt you, knowing "that they fight more valiantly, who knowe the force of the enemie, then ſuch "as haue neuer proued it. And if it be ſo that thou dare not, and that thou "art wearie to proue fortune any more: then am I alſo wearie to liue any "longer. And it were no wiſdome in thee, to ſaue the life of him, who hath "bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whoſe ſeruice now can nothing helpe "nor pleaſure thee. *Tullus* hearing what he ſaid, was a maruellous glad man, and taking him by the hande, he ſaide vnto him. Stand vp, ô *Martius*, and be
185 of good cheere, for in profering thy ſelfe vnto vs, thou doſt vs great honour: and by this meanes thou maieſt hope alſo of greater thinges, at all the VOLSCES

handes. So he feaſted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourableſt manner he could, talking with him in no other matters at that preſent: but within few daies after, they fell to conſultation together in what ſort they ſhould beginne their warres.

After he had thus louingly receiued them, and perceiuing that his mother *Volumnia* would begin to ſpeake to him, he called the chiefeſt of the counſell of the VOLSCES to heare what ſhe would ſay. Then ſhe ſpake in this ſort. "If we helde our peace (my ſonne) and determined not to ſpeake, the ſtate of 232
"our poore bodies, and preſent ſight of our raiment, would eaſily bewray to "thee what life we haue led at home, ſince thy exile and abode abroad. But "thinke now with thy ſelfe, how much more vnfortunately, then all the women "liuing we are come hither, conſidering that the ſight which ſhould be moſt "pleaſant to all other to behold, ſpightfull fortune hath made moſt fearefull to "vs: making my ſelfe to ſee my ſonne, and my daughter here, her husband, "beſieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that which is the onely "comfort to all other in their aduerſitie and miſerie, to pray vnto the gods, "and to call to them for aide: is the onely thing which plungeth vs into moſt "deepe perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for "our countrie, and for ſafetie of thy life alſo: but a world of grieuous curſes, "yea more then any mortall enemie can heape vpon vs, are forcibly wrapt vp "in our praiers. For the bitter ſop of moſt harde choice is offered thy wife "and children, to forgo the one of the two: either to loſe the perſon of thy 233
"ſelfe, or the nurſe of their natiue countrie. For my ſelfe (my ſonne) I am "determined not to tarie, till fortune in my life time do make an end of this "warre. For if I cannot perſwade thee, rather to do good vnto both parties, "then to ouerthrow and deſtroy the one, preferring loue and nature, before the "malice and calamitie of warres: thou ſhalt ſee, my ſonne, and truſt vnto it, "thou ſhalt no ſooner marche forward to aſſault thy countrie, but thy foote "ſhall treade vpon thy mothers wombe, that brought thee firſt into this world. "And I may not deferre to ſee the day, either that my ſonne be led priſoner "in triumph by his naturall countrymen, or that he himſelfe do triumphe of "them, and of his naturall countrie. For if it were ſo, that my requeſt tended 234
"to ſaue thy country, in deſtroying the VOLSCES: I muſt confeſſe, thou wouldſt "hardly and doubtfully reſolue on that. For as to deſtroy thy naturall countrie, "it is altogether vnmeete and vnlawfull: ſo were it not iuſt, and leſſe honorable, "to betray thoſe that put their truſt in thee: But my onely demaund conſiſteth, "to make a gaile deliuerie of all euils, which deliuereth equall benefit and "ſafetie, both to the one and the other, but moſt honorable for the VOLSCES. "For it ſhall appeare, that hauing victorie in their hands, they haue of ſpeciall "fauour granted vs ſingular graces: peace, and amitie, albeit themſelues haue "no leſſe part of both, then we. Of which good, if ſo it came to paſſe, thy "ſelfe is the onely author, and ſo haſt thou the only honour. But if it faile, "and fall out contrarie: thy ſelfe alone deſeruedly ſhall carie the ſhamefull re-"proach and burthen of either partie. So, though the end of warre be vn-

"certaine, yet this notwithſtanding is moſt certaine: that if it be thy chance to "conquer, this benefit ſhalt thou reape of thy goodly conqueſt, to be chronicled "the plague and deſtroier of thy countrie. And if fortune alſo ouerthrow thee, "then the world will ſay, that through deſire to reuenge thy priuate iniuries, "thou haſt for euer vndone thy good friends, who did moſt louingly and "courteouſlie receiue thee. *Martius* gaue good eare vnto his mothers words, without interrupting her ſpeach at all: and after ſhe had ſaid what ſhe would, he held his peace a prety while, and anſwered not a word. Hereupon ſhe be-
235 "gan againe to ſpeake vnto him, and ſaid. My ſonne, why doeſt thou not anſwer "me? doeſt thou thinke it good altogether to giue place vnto thy choller and "deſire of reuenge, and thinkeſt thou it not honeſtie for thee to graunt thy "mothers requeſt, in ſo weighty a cauſe? doeſt thou take it honorable for a "noble man, to remember the wrongs and iniuries done him: and doeſt not in "like caſe thinke it an honeſt noble mans parte, to be thankfull for the good-"neſſe that parents do ſhew to their children, acknowledging the dutie and "reuerence they ought to beare vnto them? No man liuing is more bound to "ſhew himſelfe thankefull in all parts and reſpects, then thy ſelfe: who ſo vn-"naturally ſheweth all ingratitude. Moreouer (my ſonne) thou haſt ſorely taken "of thy country, exacting grieuous paiments vpon them, in reuenge of the in-"iuries offered thee: beſides, thou haſt not hitherto ſhewed thy poore mother "any courteſie. And therefore, it is not only honeſt, but due vnto me, that
236 "without compulſion I ſhould obtaine my ſo iuſt and reaſonable requeſt of thee. "But ſince by reaſon I cannot perſwade thee to it, to what purpoſe do I defer "my laſt hope? And with theſe words, her ſelfe, his wife and children, fell downe vpon their knees before him. *Martius* ſeeing that, could refraine no
237 longer, but went ſtraight and lift her vp, crying out: Oh mother, what haue you done to me? And holding her hard by the right hand, oh mother, ſaid he, you haue wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and vn-happy for your ſonne: for I ſee my ſelfe vanquiſhed by you alone. Theſe words being ſpoken openly, he ſpake a litle apart with his mother and wife, and then let them returne againe to ROME, for ſo they did requeſt him: and ſo remaining in campe that night, the next morning he diſlodged, and marched homewards into the VOLSCES countrie againe, who were not all of one minde, nor all alike contented.

---

253 For theſe cauſes *Tullus* thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterpriſe, neither to tarie for the mutining and riſing of the common people againſt him: wherefore, thoſe that were of the conſpiracie, beganne to crie out that he was not to be heard, nor that they would not ſuffer a traytour to vſurpe tyrannicall power ouer the Tribe of the VOLSCES, who would not yeeld vp his eſtate and authoritie. And in ſaying theſe words, they all fell vpon him, and killed him in the market place, none of the people once offering to reſcue him.

Berlin, printed by Unger Brothers, Printers to the King.